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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY; OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



CHAPTER IV.

"A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land. Far off three mountain-tops
Stood sunset-flushed."

"**A**LICE," says Sylvia, as she stands before the mirror arranging her hat, "I shall ride with Mr. Dupont this afternoon."

"Very well," I answer, indifferently, being engaged just then in fitting on my gloves and gazing out of the window. "There seem to be a great many people here," I remark, "and such number of ox-carts!"

"And I want you to go with Charley," she proceeds.

"Indeed!" I say, roused to interest by this. "How kind of you to think of me! But there is one slight objection to my going with Charley—he has not asked me to do so."

"But you can ask him to go with you," she says, persuasively. "You can take him in the phaeton, and make Eric go on horseback with Adèle."

"If he and Eric were puppets, and if I had any desire for Charley's society, I might—perhaps. As it is, such a thing is impossible. Why do you suggest it?"

"Because I don't want Adèle to have the pleasure of flirting with him," is the candid reply. "She is a dreadful flirt, and has a particular knack of making fools of men. Of course, I am not afraid of her making a fool of Charley in any *serious* manner, but still I should like her to be disappointed—and you know she could do nothing with Eric."

"I know that I have occasionally heard of such a thing as Satan reprobating sin. If you want Charley looked after, why don't you do it yourself?"

"How can I, with Mr. Dupont on my hands?"

"Turn Mr. Dupont over to me. I will take charge of *him*."

I make this suggestion in a spirit of malice which Sylvia understands. She takes up her gloves as she quietly replies:

"Mr. Dupont asked me if I would not ride with him. It is impossible, therefore, for me to turn him over to any one else."

"I am afraid Charley will become a hopeless victim to Miss Dupont's fascinations, then," I say, coolly.

Events verify this prediction. When we go down-stairs, we find the horses standing before the door, and Charley in the act of assisting Miss Dupont to her saddle. This feat is accomplished very well on both sides. The lady puts one dain-

ty foot—all creole women have pretty feet—into the gentleman's hand, he lifts her, she springs, and presto! the thing is done. Mr. Kenyon swings himself into his own saddle as quickly, then turns and waves his hand to us—

"She is won! we are off, over bush, bank, and scarp—

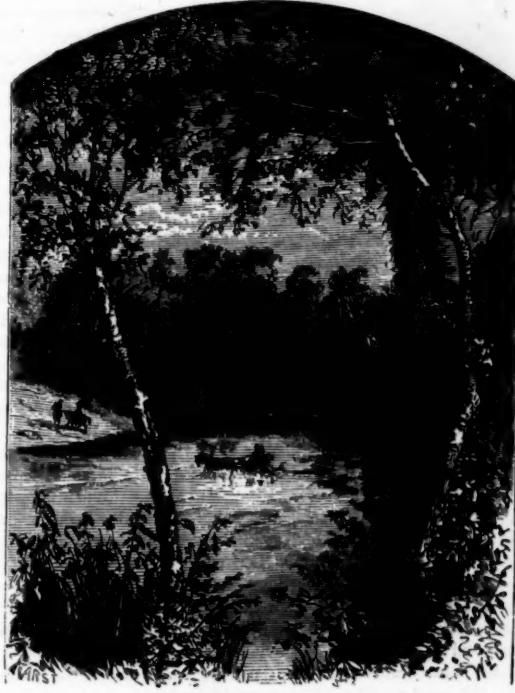
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!"

he says, as they ride away.

"Their steeds were not particularly fleet the last time they rode, were they, Mr. Dupont?" says Sylvia, looking after them. "Adèle, you know, said her horse wouldn't go; but he seems to go now very well. I hope they will miss the road for their hypocrisy!"

"Charley has probably taken care to make inquiries," says Eric, handing me into the small phaeton.

Few rivers have been more praised and



THE SWANNANOA.

rhymed than the Swannanoa, toward which we take our way. To those who have not penetrated far into the mountains, and seen wilder and lovelier streams, it is certainly a thing of beauty. The stream itself is clear as crystal, and flows with glancing swiftness between its vine-draped banks, while it is scarcely possible to imagine a more charming picture of fertility than the valley presents. We follow the river for several miles—every turn opening fresh scenes of loveliness—and finally pause at a ford where Sylvia and Mr. Dupont ride into the stream. Lances of sunlight dart through the lace-work of shade, touch the sparkling current, and dapple the glossy coats of the horses. The rippling river makes a background in long perspective for the two riders, and on the opposite side the road leads up between high, picture-resque banks.

"Is not this delightful?" cries Sylvia. "One might expect to see Diana and all her nymphs. Instead, I see an ox-cart coming in one direction, and two horsemen in another."

The ox-cart is lumbering directly down upon the phaeton in which I am seated, so I cry out to Eric for rescue. He comes and



OX-CART.

drives into the river just as the two horsemen ride down between the sloping, shaded banks.

At this double invasion of the ford, Sylvia and her escort turn their horses to ride out, and in doing so face the last-comers. One of them stops and lifts his hat.

"Miss Norwood!" he cries. "What an unexpected pleasure!"

Sylvia checks her horse, and holds out her hand with a laugh.

"Is it possible this is you, Mr. Lanier?" she says.

Eric and I glance at each other. We both think of Charley. Of all Sylvia's suitors—and she has not a few—Ralph Lanier is the most devoted, the most persevering, and the most wealthy. Consequently, he is the one whom all her friends and acquaint-

ances have long since decided to be destined by Providence for her.

Mr. Lanier is plainly delighted at the encounter. "To think that I should meet you here!" he says, rapturously. "My uncle has a country-seat near Flat Rock, and I have been spending a week or two with him. We only came to Asheville this morning, and I was thinking of leaving the mountains tomorrow."

"Leaving!—so early in the season?" says Sylvia. "What a strange idea!"

"I find this country very dull," says Mr. Lanier, shrugging his shoulders. "I am no great admirer of Nature. I prefer civilization and society. I was thinking of going to the White Sulphur and Saratoga, and hoped very much to meet you."

"You would have been disappointed," she says, coolly. "I have become an Arcadian, and abjured all resorts of that kind. We are just beginning an extensive tour through this country which bores you so much.—By-the-by, here are Alice and Eric—and let me present Mr. Dupont."

Hands are shaken and proper speeches made—the Swannanoa, the while, rippling gently round us, the sunbeams slanting, the vines drooping, the setting of the whole scene idyllic enough for a pastoral poem. We learn that Mr. Lanier is accompanying his uncle to pay a visit to a friend who lives near by.

"Nonsense!" says Eric. "A man does not come to Arcadia to pay or receive visits. We are going to McDowell's Hill for the sunset. You had better come with us."

"Probably Mr. Lanier is no admirer of sunsets," says Sylvia, with a slight touch of scorn in her tone.

Mr. Lanier is quick enough to hear this. "On the contrary, I admire them exceedingly," he says. "If my uncle will excuse me, I will accompany you with pleasure."

The uncle readily excuses him, so he turns his horse and rides by Sylvia's side up the road down which he came. As Eric and I follow, we exchange a few remarks about the pleasure in store for Charley.

"Poor fellow!" I say. "An evil fate seems to war against him. I could not help hoping that on this expedition he might have a fair field for once; yet see!—first Mr. Dupont appeared, and now Ralph Lanier, his most formidable rival."

"Charley is his own worst rival," says Eric, touching the horse sharply. "If Sylvia ends by marrying somebody else, it will be his fault, and I shall not pity him. A man should be ready to fight for every thing—fortune, fame, and the woman he loves. There are other kingdoms than that of heaven to be taken by violence."

When we reach McDowell's Hill we find all the equestrians assembled, Sylvia attended by her two cavaliers, Charley standing with an air of great nonchalance by Adèle's horse. Only the very best actors do not overact a part, however, and there is a trifle too much nonchalance in this young gentleman's bearing for perfect unconcern. The manner in which his hat is pushed back as he looks up into Adèle's eyes is significant of irritated defiance. As soon as we draw

up, he turns abruptly and comes to the side of the phaeton.

"Where did you pick up that fellow?" he asks.

"He is a fish caught in the Swannanoa," says Eric. "I think you may find him a kindred spirit: he is nearly as fond of Nature, and of the exertion which a life of that kind entails, as you are."

"I should not judge so from his appearance," says Charley, with a sneer.

Now, it must be stated that there is nothing in Mr. Lanier's appearance to draw forth a sneer. He is dressed as men in cities dress, but that is, to say the least, not a heinous crime, and he would be called by most people a very handsome man. Charley is not handsome, though his frank, pleasant face is infinitely more agreeable than Ralph Lanier's well-cut features. His blue eyes look into mine with an odd kind of appeal, and I say hurriedly, "Don't be disconsolate, Charley—he talks of going to-morrow!" Then Eric claims my attention for the view.

It is certainly fine, though not so extensive as that from Beaucatcher. At our feet the hill shelves down abruptly, and two hundred feet below lies a green expanse—the valleys of the French Broad and Swannanoa at their juncture. Here the Swannanoa, making a graceful curve on the verdant plain, empties its waters into the channel of the beautiful stream which has come from the far heights of the Balsam to seek it. It is only possible to mark the winding course of its current by the trees that fringe its banks, but the French Broad spreads out in full view—its splendid "breast of waters" shining in the glow of sunset. Bounding the cultivated valley, green hills roll softly up, while beyond stretches the blue-waving mountain-line, with the majestic outlines of Pisgah and the Cold Mountain overtopping their lower brethren. Far and faint in the west the trending heights that overlook Tennessee stand, their violet crests outlined against a bed of glory into which the sun is sinking with great pomp.

This portion of the view is like that which Beaucatcher commands, but turning northward we have a prospect which no other point near Asheville possesses. There, dark and massive, rise the great peaks of Craggy, and the stately pinnacle of the Black. As usual, these mountains are cloud-topped, and even at this distance—eighteen or twenty miles—wear the deep shade of color which has given a name to the range. Spurs running down from them form a chain of hills around the entire northeastern horizon, and at their base lies Asheville, scattered over its picturesque slopes.

"I am converted," says Mr. Lanier, breaking the silence. "The country which contains such silence as this is worth seeing.—Miss Norwood, will you accept a recruit for your party?"

"I must refer you to Eric," says Sylvia. "I am not the leader of the party, nor qualified to judge of your fitness for the service. I am afraid, however, that, if you like society and civilization, you will be disgusted with the wilds to which we are going."

"But we shall take the best of society

and civilization with us," he remarks, gallantly.

"We'll show you at least what a mountain-view is before we get back," says Charley. "Only hopeless ignorance could excuse anybody for thinking this worth any special admiration."

There is a chorus of indignant dissent, in which only Sylvia fails to join. She says, quietly: "We are both hopelessly ignorant then, Mr. Lanier, for I think this the most beautiful view I have seen in the mountains."

"You have not yet seen any thing at all," says Charley. "Beaucatcher in itself is very little, but it is finer than this, which proves that your taste needs cultivation. Mr. Lanier, no doubt, will be able to assist you in cultivating it."

What reply the young lady makes is not audible to the rest of the party, but there is a flush in her eye and a flush on her cheek that do not bode well for Master Charley.

After this hostilities are suspended while we watch the sun go down behind the last chain of western heights. For several minutes after his disk has disappeared, the mountains behind which he sank are transformed into dazzling, translucent gold. The effect is indescribable.

"They cannot be mountains; they must be clouds," some one says; but they are mountains, though they lie like clouds on the distant horizon.

Meanwhile a haze of luminous color spreads over the blue chain encircling the southern sky, and the wide breast of the French Broad is painted by the magical splendor.

It is so beautiful that we linger until the fires of sunset have nearly burned out, and Venus is shining in serene state. Then we return to Asheville by a road which leads through woods full of dusk shadows and sweet odors. Arching shade droops over us; the air is inexpressibly fresh and pure; we cross a bridge with the ripple of flowing water underneath; every sound seems "but an echo of tranquillity" in the soft hush of the summer twilight.

When we reach the hotel we find Aunt Markham on the piazza. The carriages and horses have arrived, she tells us, and have made the trip very well.

"John" (the coachman) "assures me that the road over Hickory-Nut Gap is excellent," she says. "We will certainly return that way."

Rupert makes the same report.

"I saw no bad road at all," he says. "We crossed the Gap and came on to Asheville today easily."

Eric and Charley go to look after John and the horses, while Mr. Lanier expresses again an intention of joining our party.

"The only way to travel through such a country as this is in the manner you propose," he says. "I can easily obtain a horse from my uncle if I may be allowed to join you."

"We shall be happy to have you do so," says Aunt Markham, graciously.

She glances at Sylvia, and I know as well what she is thinking as if her thoughts were

expressed in words. As I turn and go upstairs, I think again, "Poor Charley!"

Two hours later the moon is rising, when we leave the hotel and take our way to an elevated point in the western part of the town known as "Battery Porter." We are advised against visiting this at night, and warned of fences to be climbed and terrible dogs to be braved, but such trifles do not weigh with tourists in search of a view.

Aunt Markham declines to accompany us, but Rupert volunteers to do so. To raise our spirits he draws from his pocket, and opens, an enormous knife.

"I could cut a dog's throat with that," he says.

I am amused at the order into which the procession falls. Miss Dupont slips her hand with an air of proprietorship into Charley's arm.

"You'll take care of me, I'm sure," she says, in a tone of confident trust.

"I'll defy all the dogs in Asheville, if need be," he answers—but I see him glance at Sylvia.

This young lady has in some intangible manner made it understood that she prefers Mr. Lanier's attendance, therefore I find Mr. Dupont at my side. He is courteous and attentive, but a little melancholy. No doubt it is trying to be coolly laid on the shelf when a new admirer appears on the scene. An Anglo-Saxon man under such circumstances sulks, or else (like Charley) diverts his mind by flirting with some one else. This young creole is merely pensive, and we stroll along, talking of music—of Schumann, and Wagner, and Thomas's orchestra—while Sylvia's gay laugh floats back to us, and Eric and Rupert discuss the horses and the roads behind.

Before attempting the dangers of the narrow road which leads to Battery Porter we decide to wait until the moon rises sufficiently to show us the enemy's movements. We pause, therefore, in a street bounded on one side by a low stone-wall, beyond which is a sloping field, and on the other by a row of houses set on the side of a hill, which rises in the rear to the elevation we desire to ascend. Here, on the stone-wall, we sit down in a row and watch the moon rise.

It is very beautiful. There is an alabaster glow all over the eastern sky, against which the trees on the distant hill-tops stand distinctly defined, and the great cross on Beaucatcher is thrown into relief by the broad, yellow shield of the moon herself. The circle of mountains all around the horizon are bathed in radiance, while Asheville—which we partly overlook—still lies in shadow. Lights gleam here and there from the houses, foliage is darkly massed in every direction, overhead the stars shine in the dark-blue sky with a brilliance which almost seems to equal the advancing moonlight. From the field below us rises a dewy odor of sweet, fresh grass.

"Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owl hoot, the owl hoot;
You crescent moon—a golden boat—hang dim behind the tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O
sweetest lass and sweetest lass,
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!"

It is Ralph Lanier who repeats this as he stands by Sylvia, and we think the application, despite a few trifling inaccuracies, very good. The "sweetest lass" looks up with her brightest smile. "How charming!" she says. "What a picture those four lines paint!"

"Not any prettier picture than this," says Rupert. He is standing erect on the wall, despite a suggestion from Charley that people may fancy the Cardiff giant has arrived in their midst.

"Or perhaps they will think that some imprudent person has found and opened one of King Solomon's bottles," says Sylvia. "Rupert always reminds me of those remarkable genii in the 'Arabian Nights.' He is so very long in proportion to his width—just as if he had shot up out of a bottle suddenly—and he can double himself into such a small compass, that I think he could go back again, if necessary."

"I'm slim—that's the reason I look so tall," says Rupert. "But I shouldn't think any thing in the way of height could astonish people here, after some of the men I've seen. There! now she's over the trees!" (This remark applies to the moon.) "Let us go on to Battery Porter.—Brother Eric, hadn't we better open our knives?"

These weapons prove unnecessary. The dogs rush out and bark at us, making night hideous with their roar, but deterred probably by the imposing appearance of our phalanx, they make no attack. We pass the point of danger, and reach the open summit of the hill in safety.

Then what a picture is spread around us! North, south, east, and west, the eye sweeps over an apparently limitless prospect, bounded only by far, faint mountain-lines, and bathed in a flood of enchantment. It is not night, but sublimated day—white, lustrous, magical, and so still that we hear the refrain which the French Broad is chanting as it takes its way between the hills that overshadow it.

"How distinctly one hears that river!" says Lanier. "It can't be far away."

"Not more than half a mile, I suppose," answers Victor Dupont.

"How beautiful it must be in this light!" cries Sylvia, addressing the company. "Let us go down there. It will be better than staying here."

"And returning to the hotel better than either," says Charley.

"Then do you return," she says. "But I don't think one can possibly have too much of this divine beauty. All who are in favor of adjourning to the French Broad please hold up their hands."

Three pairs of hands are immediately lifted—to wit, Mr. Dupont's, Mr. Lanier's, and Rupert's. "I shall be well protected, at any rate," says Sylvia, coolly. "Will nobody else come?"

"I've no doubt everybody else will come," says Mr. Lanier. "How can they resist such an invitation?—Miss Dupont, you don't really mean to stay behind?"

No, Adèle does not mean to stay behind. The French Broad by moonlight is too tempting for her powers of resistance, even though the reluctance of her attendant is patent to the dullest observation.

Carried away by the contagion of example, and feeling, in a measure, bound to look after the others, Eric and I bring up the rear, and so we stroll, in straggling procession, down the winding, moonlit road, toward the French Broad.

The least romantic of us feel repaid for our walk when we stand, at length, on the bridge, and see the river flowing underneath, all silver light and dark shadows. This bridge seems to mark the boundary of the change which awaits the stream. Up to this point it is swift but placid, impetuous yet not tumultuous, and flows through the loveliest of fertile valleys—first in Transylvania, then in Bumcombe. Looking up the stream we see, lying white in the moonlight, the broad fields of the last; but, turning our gaze down the current, a very different picture greets us. Sheer and bold rise the hills among which the river enters here, and which it will not leave again until it has cut its stormy way through to Tennessee.

"It seems to invite us to follow it," says Sylvia, watching the sweeping current. "Listen! does it not say 'Come and follow me?' Why should we not do so?"

"Why not?" says Charley. "Yonder is a canoe. Let us embark and attempt the through navigation of the French Broad."

"We can at least get into the canoe and take a row," says Adèle. "What is the good of water if one cannot go on it?"

"A row!—a pole, you mean," says Charley. "That is a mere dug-out, with half a foot of water in the bottom."

"I know all about poling," says Rupert, cheerfully. "I'll take you, Miss Dupont."

But Miss Dupont thinks of her pretty boots, her dainty skirts, and declines. "Dug-outs are muddy things," she says. "Now, at the Warm Springs there are excellent boats."

"The Warm Springs!" says Sylvia. "That is what I mean—that is where the river is inviting us. Why should we not go there at once?"

"There is no reason why we should not—if you like," says Eric.

"O mademoiselle," says Victor, reproachfully, "how can you be so cruel? You promised that you would join our party. And now to talk of turning in the opposite direction!"

"I don't think I promised, Mr. Dupont," says the young lady, calmly. "I had no right to promise for the rest, you know. Of course, we can't decide any thing without Aunt Markham's consent; but I am inclined to think that this might be the best time to go down to the Warm Springs. A little gayety, now and then, is relished by the wisest men—and women. Asheville is not very gay."

"But Nature!" says the young man, rather aghast. "I thought you were so enthusiastic. I thought gayety would only annoy you!"

"Not at all," says Sylvia. "On the contrary, I like it—taken with Nature. And then this magnificent river! I must see it before I go anywhere else. I shall propose the Warm Springs to Aunt Markham, to-morrow. Meanwhile, I am going to get into the canoe, despite the half a foot of water, and whoever likes may come and pole me."

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MEDICINABLE GRIEF.

JOANNA had no very clear recollection of any thing that occurred after this; she saw and heard as in a confused dream. She was vaguely conscious that everybody gathered around old Mrs. Stargold, to hear her repeat, at Miss Ruffner's artful suggestion, the true story about the burglars; but Mrs. Basil's anxiety to have Arthur's prowess recognized, and Miss Ruffner's determination that he should be ignored as far as possible, were lost upon her, utterly guileless as she was. She sat dejected in her corner, wishing, weakly, that the end were come, when suddenly Mrs. Basil called her.

Mrs. Ruffner was responsible for bringing her thus prominently into notice. "La!" said that good-natured busybody, plucking at Mrs. Basil's sleeve, "do you know, now, I wouldn't pin that child into a corner so!"

"I do not 'pin' her into a corner," said Mrs. Basil, reddening. "She is naturally retiring—" But as she was about then to call Joanna, Mrs. Ruffner checked her.

"Let me ask you," said she, mysteriously, "do you know for what sum that Miss Basil of yours has insured her life?"

Mrs. Basil stared; she could not help it, she was so astonished. "No, I do not," she said.

"Very likely you didn't know even that she has insured her life? But she has—for that child's benefit," said Mrs. Ruffner, triumphantly. She did enjoy telling news, especially unexpected news.

"Miss Basil is a very prudent, far-seeing woman," said Mrs. Basil, taking to herself great comfort in the thought that this, then, was what Pamela had meant by saying that she would provide for Joanna's future; it wasn't a match with Arthur that she had had in contemplation, after all. But why should Pamela have kept her plans such a secret from her, as if she took no interest in her husband's granddaughter?

"And what is this about her having a romantic history?" continued Mrs. Ruffner, eagerly. "I suppose you know all about it? It seems, Lydia Crane says—"

"I never listen to Lydia Crane," said Mrs. Basil, quickly, and flushing at the recollection of her last interview with that gossip. Then she called, peremptorily, "Joanna, child, come here, and speak to Mrs. Ruffner."

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Ruffner, "I see there's something in it, but she doesn't choose to tell."

"Poor thing! she is very young," said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, as Joanna came forth from her corner at Mrs. Basil's bidding.

And then every one immediately remarked that she strongly resembled the judge, her

grandfather. Mrs. Ruffner good-naturedly patted her cheek, and called her "a quiet little mouse." Miss Ruffner was surprised to find her grown so tall, and admired her polonaise (with a doubtful glance at the challis skirt). Miss Caruthers asked if she had learned the new lace-work. Sam Ruffner, with his sleepy eyes half shut, said something nice and foolish about the flowers in her hair. But attentions, that might have won Joanna's heart that morning, had no effect upon her now. Her absent looks, her unwilling smiles, her inadvertent answers provoked and mortified Mrs. Basil, who would have been pleased to have the judge's granddaughter reflect a little credit upon the judge's widow.

How the day ended, Joanna never knew. When the guests were all gone, she stole sadly out into the garden, oblivious of the dew that threatened ruin to the puffs of the marvelous polonaise; for, much as Joanna delighted in dress, she was more indifferent to it than Miss Basil's economic soul would have approved, when any deeper question engaged her. White organdie, and a demi-train, could fill her careless moments with supreme bliss; but they were powerless to console a desolated heart.

Mrs. Basil and Arthur were on the porch, in the shadow of the vines; Joanna heard them talking as she passed. "A dinner-party is a tremendous bore," said Arthur, with a yawn.

"One must perform one's duty to society," said Mrs. Basil, with a sigh.

In the dining-room Miss Basil was lamenting over the great waste of material; Joanna heard her, too, as she passed under the windows, and she thought, sadly, "There is no real joy in life."

The anticipation of the dinner-party, the care of preparing her dress, had held in abeyance, for the time, the jealous uneasiness that had sprung up at Mr. Redmond's allusion to Miss Basil's past life; but her pleasurable excitement in the little foretaste of society was wearing off, the fairy gold was turning to moss and stones in her hands, when Mrs. Basil's guests began to discuss the same subject; and all the pain at finding that she had known Pamela only in disguise, revived, intensified by the thought that every one knew her truly except herself.

Many and many a time had Miss Basil told her, when compelling her to read religious works against which she revolted, that the wisdom they contained would recur to her in seasons of trouble, and fill her with comfort; but Joanna, now that she had ceased to believe in Miss Basil as the Pamela she had always known, was hardly surprised to find that this was not true. The memory of the pages she had blistered with impatient tears was any thing but a comfort, now that, unable to reason about the trouble that so cruelly beset her, she could only feel. But she was glad, she knew not, questioned not why, to remember the quaint old pictures in the great Bible on the dusty shelf of the garret—she thought of Joseph, patient in the pit; of the infant Moses afloat in his frail ark; of Daniel, kneeling undismayed among the hungry lions; and then, as the summer moon

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* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

rose up and made "every common bush afire with God," Joanna dropped upon her knees, and hid her face in her hands. Her plaint did not shape itself in words, hardly even in definite thought; but these dumb orisons of the heart express our needs better than words, sometimes; and presently, when a mocking-bird in a neighboring thicket burst into rapturous song, she rose from her kneeling posture, calmed, if not consoled, and began to awake to the beauty of the summer night.

The rushing of the little brook through the ravine beyond the fence sounded loud in the still moonlight; the breeze rose and fell dreamily, laden with the heavy odors of jasmines and honeysuckles, while ever and anon the mocking-bird uttered its passionate strain of rain-like melody, giving to the garden a weird, unreal aspect. Joanna hardly knew her own familiar haunts in this soft moonlight, for Miss Basil, with a wholesome dread of night-air, had always strictly forbidden her to remain out after the dew fell.

And Miss Basil, with the protection of a ragged old nubia over her head, was coming now in search of her. She had expected to find her in the neighborhood of the mimosa-tree; but Joanna stood leaning on the brick-work vase, over which the verbena had now grown rank, and hung tangled wildly.

"O Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, querulously, "I've been looking for you everywhere" (which was not strictly true). "How imprudent you are; out in the night-air with nothing on your head! Don't you know I've warned you, over and over again, about miasma? And quinine three dollars and a half the ounce!"

"Well, 'Mela," said Joanna, the old habit of antagonism asserting itself as usual, "you don't need to give me an ounce for a dose, ever."

"And this polonaise; you reckless child!" exclaimed Miss Basil, running her long, thin fingers over the limp muslin with the scrambling rapidity of a father-long-legs. "Brand new, and perfectly stringy with the dew!"

"Only pomps and vanities," said Joanna, bursting into tears. "O 'Mela!"

The cry was sharp with anguish.

"There, child, there," said Miss Basil, relenting. "I'm not scolding you; I'm past that. I suppose you must always have some one to look after you. Tie this handkerchief over your head and go to your room. I'll see what can be done to remedy it."

"Nothing but p-pomps and—vanities," sobbed Joanna; "and this world is all a fleeting show, as you told me, 'Mela; but I wouldn't care if only you were true to me."

"Mercy guide us, child!" exclaimed Miss Basil, impatiently; "what nonsense are you talking? I am glad to see that you've come to a reasonable sense of the world's ways; but you mustn't abuse good clothes, for that is sinful extravagance."

Joanna did not say another word. She tied the handkerchief over her head with meek obedience, and went up to her room so quietly that Miss Basil was thoroughly appeased. "She has had enough, I see, of this thing they call society," the much-mistaken

woman thought. "I shall hear no more of demitains."

But Joanna, quietly as she got herself to bed, could not compose herself to sleep; the shadow that had arisen between Pamela and herself haunted her so persistently; if Pamela only would come and put it aside forever! After what to her seemed interminable hours, she called softly:

"Pamela! Pamela!"

Miss Basil's room was across a little entry, and the doors between were open. Now, to Miss Basil, any call in the night-season meant illness, and she was always quick to respond.

"Did you call, Joanna?" she questioned, anxiously; and the next moment she came patterning across the bare floors in her list slippers. "What is the matter?"

Joanna was sitting up in bed.

"Pamela," said she, tremulously, "I cannot, cannot sleep. No; my head does not ache"—putting away Miss Basil's hands—"the trouble is, you are not yourself any longer; you are somebody else."

"You've got the nightmare, child," said Miss Basil, giving her a little shake. "I charged you not to eat that salmon salad; it was entirely too rich for you."

"I didn't eat it; I ate no dinner at all," said Joanna; "and it's not the nightmare."

"Then it's an empty stomach," said Miss Basil, with decision. "Joanna, when you know how thoroughly I disapprove of going to bed on an empty stomach, I wonder you did not ask for something to eat before this."

"But I am *not* hungry, 'Mela. You talk to me about an empty stomach when my heart is breaking."

"Joanna! Joanna! what foolishness have you been listening to to-day?" cried Miss Basil, shaking her now in good earnest. "It is all pure fancifulness, and I shall just give you a good dose of valerian."

"No, no, 'Mela; no valerian for me; but stay and tell me if it is foolishness, this that I have heard to-day!" cried Joanna, throwing her arms around Miss Basil, who was about to go in search of her medicine-chest. "What do they mean, this stranger that I never heard of before, and all these Middleborough people, when they talk of your—*your story*? O 'Mela, that you should be a woman with a story, and—and another life out West, when I believed in you so! When I thought you had always belonged to only me and Basilwood!"

Miss Basil was powerless to interrupt this outburst. She understood clearly enough that Joanna must have heard something that half revealed the sorrowful story she had thought must die with her; but how? Through Basil Redmond's inadvertence, she could not doubt; and she had relied so upon his discretion! She was utterly unconscious of the fact that Joanna had been present on the day of his first visit, when he had startled her so by the announcement that he had learned her story. He had begged to hear it in detail from her own lips; and she was glad, now, to remember that, though she had told him the truth, she had not told him the whole truth. How much of her past history Joanna knew she could not guess, and would

not ask. Hers was not a confiding disposition. In Joanna's excitement she could see nothing but a querulous, illegitimate curiosity, that it was her duty to curb. She knew not what golden sympathy she was sacrificing to this ruthless "dutiolatry." Yet, for an instant, Nature was stronger than the sense of duty, and she asked, with a tremor that Joanna was quick to note:

"What stranger do you mean, Joanna?" And then, with the instinct of precaution, she added, "But you are talking wildly."

"But I am not talking wildly, 'Mela, you know, for you tremble. I mean this stranger who comes here and thrusts himself between you and me, with his story about your past, that these people have taken up—this Basil Redmond that I never heard of before."

Miss Basil gasped and paused. Then her sense of duty came to her rescue and gave her words. This untoward inquisitiveness must be checked peremptorily, she decided.

"Joanna, I will not have any more of this—I will not!" she said. "Have I not explained to you that Basil Redmond is no stranger; that he lived here under this very roof as a boy; that his grandfather was your grandfather's second cousin? Could any thing be plainer? Don't speak of him in that way; he's my best friend, and yours. And whatever you may happen to overhear, don't snatch at words here and there to build fanciful notions upon about a body's past life. It is unbecoming. But I'll fix you with a dose of valerian, and I hope you'll wake up in your senses! You should endeavor to curb curiosity; it leads to mischief, it is idle and sinful."

"O 'Mela, it is not idle curiosity—idle curiosity never yet gave any one the heartache. If you would only stay and hear me patiently!"

But Miss Basil was gone, glimmering like a ghost in search of the valerian; and presently she returned, bearing a bottle, a spoon, a glass, and a spluttering candle.

"He's not my best friend," said Joanna; "he comes between you and me as no one else ever did. You can put on your best dress to see him; yes, and you can find time to talk by the hour with him, to walk with him about the garden in the busiest time of day, and not call it idleness." Now that the floodgates of her distress were opened, every petty grievance clamored for redress.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Basil, pausing in counting the drops. "Don't interrupt me, Joanna."

"'Mela, I *don't* need that stuff!" Joanna remonstrated, piteously, as Miss Basil calmly put the glass to her lips, saying, inexorably:

"I am the best judge; you *do* need it; it will make you sleep, and you will forget your foolish vagaries."

"Shall I?" said Joanna, with an hysterical sob, as she swallowed the contents of the glass. "Shall I, indeed, awake to-morrow and find it all a dream? O 'Mela! I do feel *so old* since that day *he* came." She clasped Miss Basil in her arms as she spoke; but Miss Basil, with a movement of alarm, thrust her patient back upon the pillow, saying, excitedly:

"Joanna! Joanna! I knew that your fool-

ish head would be turned. You are talking nonsense. You need not pin your faith to Arthur Hendall because he carves your name on a tree."

"He is not the one that makes me feel old!" said Joanna, impatiently; "it's that Mr. Redmond, with his influence over you."

But Miss Basil's suspicions were not to be parried by this thrust.

"I tell you," said she, thumping the pillows excitedly, "I don't believe in him. When I was a girl—"

"Yes, 'Mela," said Joanna, starting up with eager interest, as Miss Basil paused, abruptly. "Tell me! It would comfort me so to know about when you were a girl!"

"Nonsense!" answered Miss Basil, turning away. "It is but idle curiosity, child. Go to sleep, or I shall have to be giving you another dose."

Poor Joanna sighed deeply, but said no more; and Miss Basil, picking up her candle, vial, glass, and spoon, hastened to her own room; but sleep did not soon visit her pillow. "What did all these rumors and whispers portend?" she questioned with herself, as she turned restlessly from side to side. Basil's hoped-for return had not brought her the peace she counted upon. "I see," sighed Miss Basil, wearily, "I must caution the boy; he is young, and youth is indiscreet. He must learn silence."

And Joanna, gathering up in her mind Miss Basil's disjointed utterances, was saying to herself, "If he is indeed my truest friend, I will make him speak; I have a right to know."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASK ME NO MORE.

JOANNA awoke the next morning with a start. It was very late; the burning summer sun shone hot upon the garden, and at the gate, which could be plainly seen from her window, stood a little open buggy, with a valise strapped behind. At the first sight of the vehicle she rubbed her eyes, believing herself in a dream; but when she looked again, there it was still, with a hungry-looking horse in the shafts; and old Thurston seemed to be mending some part of the harness with a piece of twine. The temptation to inquire into this was too strong for Joanna; she dressed as quickly as she could and ran down into the garden.

"That's the Griswolds' buggy, Thurston, I know, and their horse, too. What is it doing here, with that valise strapped behind?"

"It's a-waitin'," answered old Thurston, with aggravating slowness of speech. "Hey! you, I say!"—this to the horse, an inoffensive brute, "of his port as meke as a mayde"—"mind what you 'bout!" Old Thurston, conscious of possessing interesting information, was bent upon enhancing his importance by a dignified reserve in regard to the buggy.

"Never mind the poor old horse," said Joanna. "He is quiet enough. What is that buggy here for? Have they sent for my cousin? What is the matter this time?"

These last questions were in reference to the Griswolds, who were a sickly set, always making demands upon Miss Basil's skill in "doctoring."

"Not to my understanding; no, Miss J'anna, they've not sent for Miss Pamela," answered old Thurston, with Afric dignity. "The Griswolds are 'bout as usual, nothing more than general want of thrif. But Black Hawk, he's dead lame with constant riding of the madam to visit her relations, and that's the way we are beholden to the Griswolds." The Griswolds evidently did not command old Thurston's deepest respect.

"Beholden to the Griswolds for what? I wish you would say, Thurston—if you know?"

Thurston looked at her, with mild reproach in his dim old eyes.

"In course I know, Miss J'anna," said he, in a deeply-injured tone. "Wasn't the telegraph delivered into my hands primarily?"

The ominous word possessed no terror for Joanna, who had no one out in the world to be anxious about.

"Telegram, you mean," said she. "What telegram?"

"It was to call Mr. Hendall away," answered old Thurston, indifferently.

Joanna received the information dumbly. Over the sun there seemed to come a sudden cloud, a mist that overshadowed not the garden only, but the whole future. Was life, after all, to be nothing but the same dull old story it had always been? In the shadow of the cloud Joanna had caught a glimpse of her own foolish heart, and she shivered.

"For what is he going?" she asked, presently.

"He'll be going to seek his fortune, it's likely," said old Thurston, briskly. For him the sun was shining just as usual; rather more brightly, perhaps, in anticipation of the fee from Arthur's liberal hand.

And Arthur was coming down the sloping walk at this very moment. He had said good-by to his aunt on the porch, which was hidden from the gate, as though he was eager to be off; yet when he saw Joanna he began to find it hard to leave Basilwood, with the still midsummer shadows, the faint, midsummer murmur from the parched grass, and that life of "dreamful ease."

"So you are here to see me off, Joanna—Miss Joanna, I should say, now that you have made your *début*?"

"No," answered Joanna, avoiding his eyes; "I did not know, until this moment, that you are going."

"At least you are not glad to have me go?" said Arthur, holding out his hand.

"You know I am not glad! How could I be glad?" answered the artless Joanna, turning away her telltale face.

"The sun is mounting, sir," said old Thurston, respectfully, "and your conveyance is all in order."

Influenced by the wish to stimulate Arthur's memory in regard to the reward he coveted for his services, the old negro had been bustling ostentatiously around the rickety buggy, like a wasp that cannot determine upon which side of a peach to settle, until finding that Arthur's attention was not to be attracted by such lively manifestations

of concern about the gear and the springs, he resorted to speech.

"All right, Thurston," said Arthur. "Are you to drive me?"

"No, sir; that honor's not for me, sir," said old Thurston, bowing low with exaggerated politeness. "This buggy doesn't belong to our establishment, as you may see, sir; and they've sent a boy to drive you.—Hi, you! wake up, wake up there!" This, with an utter change of voice and gesture, was addressed to a small negro that, with the sonorous facility of his race, was fast asleep in the glare of the sun. "You black rascal! To forget your manners and go to sleep in the 'tendance of a gentleman!"

From which rebuke it will be readily seen that Thurston belonged to the old school that believed in manners.

"What time does the train leave?" asked Arthur, looking at his watch—"the Westport train?"

"Now pretty soon, sir," said old Thurston, with eagerness.—"The sun is scorching your skin, Miss J'anna."

As long as she stood there, old Thurston thought, Mr. Hendall never would remember his justly-earned recompense.

But Joanna did not care for the sun; she was as brown as a berry already.

"Why must you go?" she asked, timidly. "Is not Basilwood your own?"

"No," answered Arthur, hastily, and coloring. "Basilwood is my aunt's, you know, 'the grandmamma's,' as you call her" (putting the ownership in this way did not seem so much like robbing Joanna), "and a man must go out and battle with the world," he continued, grandiloquently. "It is business that takes me away."

"For how long?" asked the artless Joanna, with more interest than any woman of the world would have dared to show—unless she had been absolutely indifferent.

"That I cannot tell," answered Arthur, lowering his voice, so that old Thurston, who was vigorously berating the little drowsy driver, might not hear. "But don't forget me, Joanna," holding out his hand. "Don't let that Mr. Basil Redmond make you forget me."

"I—I don't understand you," she stammered, shyly, giving her hand, but quickly withdrawing it. The next moment she had turned away, leaving old Thurston making his abject reverence for "value received."

Arthur had spoken jestingly, Joanna knew, and his words had given pain. But, as she went to the house, she passed by the mimosa-tree, and her thoughts and feelings underwent an instantaneous change. She had been so busy with her flounce and her demi-train that she had seen nothing of young Hendall for nearly a week, and she now remembered with keen self-reproach that she had lost the opportunity of expressing to him her appreciation of his graceful compliment in carving her name. Joanna had many little notions of her own on the subject of propriety and good-breeding; and she had meant to say something very well-worded and proper on the first occasion that should offer; but it had all gone out of her head at the thought of his departure. How,

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she asked herself, impatiently—how was she to prosper in life if she was always so unready? (For Joanna, you see, was practical as well as romantic.) And what must he think of her? It was not for him to mention the name he had carved, she knew very well.

And then this foolish little Joanna stood still in the shadow, and dreamed a foolish dream; from which, however, she was soon rudely awakened by Miss Basil's shrill voice, calling wildly:

"Joanna! O Jo—an-na!"

Alas! how many a lovely vision has been dispelled by that clarion-cry! Joanna, with a frown and a sigh, came back to earth, and, loath to be found in the immediate neighborhood of the tree that bore her name, advanced hurriedly up the broad walk that led to the house.

But Miss Basil, whom she met half-way, saw at once whence she came, and was seized with quick alarm. Joanna had had no breakfast, she knew; and she feared that the case must be nearly past hope when a girl gave herself up to romance before appeasing the demands of hunger.

"Joanna!" she exclaimed, vehemently, "you are the despair of my life! Have you forgotten that you have had no breakfast? Do you expect to live on air?"

"No, certainly, 'Mela,'" answered Joanna, briskly. She had a good, healthy appetite, and just now she was very hungry. "I could not eat my dinner yesterday, I was so excited by company, I suppose; and I feel half-starved."

"Yes," answered Miss Basil, in a much calmer tone; "I remember that you ate no dinner." Though no great eater herself, she was always sorry for hungry people, and anxious to feed them. Joanna's matter-of-fact admission of her famished condition quieted her apprehensions somewhat, and appealed to her sympathies strongly. "I've kept something hot for you, child; but you should have eaten it long ago. I don't approve of long fasts at this season."

Happily for her peace of mind, it did not occur to her that Joanna could have been bidding farewell to young Kendall at the gate; and her clouded visage cleared space when she saw with what good appetite the breakfast was assailed. Surely, now that young Kendall was fairly out of the way—and Miss Basil devoutly prayed that he might remain away forever—she need not despair utterly of Joanna. Nevertheless, she felt that she must now make it her study to counteract the pernicious influence of the ill-judged honor Mrs. Basil had conferred upon the child, in having her at the dining.

"Joanna," said she, mildly, "I do not wish to hurry you; rapid eating is ruinous to the digestion: take time, and eat leisurely, but when you have finished, there are the apples to be peeled and cut for drying; and, really, I need help." No fruit was allowed to rot on the ground at Basilwood; day by day, every windfallen apple, or so much of it as was available, was dried for market.

"Very well, 'Mela,'" said Joanna, cheerfully; "I'll help you all that I can." Though often idle, she was not lazy; and the burden of life does not seem so weary, after one

has eaten a hearty breakfast with good appetite. "Just have every thing ready, 'Mela. I've finished my breakfast."

"Here is the basket of apples, child; and here is the basket for the cores and the peelings; and here are the knife and the tray," answered Miss Basil, categorically. "Tie on this apron, to save your dress; and be very careful to cut the peelings as thin as possible; let there be no waste, Joanna."

"Aren't you going to help—to assist, I mean?" asked Joanna, mindful still of expressing herself with elegant propriety. "Because I should like to talk to you." Joanna was hoping to hear the untold story of Miss Basil's girlhood: no wonder she was so willing to work at the apples.

"Why, no—not exactly; that is—I believe I must superintend Myra just now," stammered Miss Basil, uneasily.

"Pamela!" said Joanna, tragically, rising and stretching out her arms, "there is a great wall growing up between us—and you are building it."

Miss Basil turned white, and then red. At last, "You are talking nonsense!" said she, angrily; and walked out of the room.

But Joanna saw that Miss Basil understood her; she saw, too, that Miss Basil could not be at ease in her presence; why else should she make Myra an excuse, Myra who was so thoroughly trustworthy? And Joanna, embittered by suspicion and distrust, began to exercise a ruthless espionage over the uneasy woman, who, before that day was over, became keenly alive to the fact that she was watched. For Miss Basil was by no means in so great need of assistance as she would have had Joanna believe. The absence, so far, of visitors had rendered the summer a far easier one than had been known at Basilwood for several years past, and Miss Basil had, just now, rather more leisure than was good for her, under the circumstances. If she had been really so very busy, she might have escaped the uncomfortable consciousness of Joanna's great eyes that followed her everywhere. Even when she went up-stairs, late in the afternoon, to dress, Joanna was at her side, restless, miserable, indignant, and tyrannical.

"There!" she cried, reproachfully, when the black silk was taken down from its peg in the closet, "now I know that Mr. Redmond is coming again! A clean calico is good enough for most days."

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, irritably, "you are speaking disrespectfully. How often must I remind you that Basil Redmond is a friend, a good friend of yours, and a relation besides?"

"Then, if that is so," said Joanna, with prompt malice, and rising, "why may I not dress to receive him?"

"No, Joanna, no," said Miss Basil, hurriedly, "you are but a child, and he comes to see me on business. You should not be forward."

"He is no friend of mine! I'll not have him for a friend!" cried Joanna, bitterly. "He comes to talk secrets with you, secrets that shut me out from your heart."

"Nonsense!" was all that Miss Basil could say; but she said it with her flushed

face bent over the open bureau-drawer, in which her hands were wildly tossing about the orderly array of collars, and cuffs, and handkerchiefs, and Joanna knew that it was not "nonsense."

Poor woman! She thought this child, that she had so striven to train up in the way she should go, utterly unreasonable; but she had never attempted to reason with Joanna, she did not know how. When Joanna became "unreasonable," she could only use authority; so, when she had recovered somewhat from her confusion, she said, sharply:

"Joanna, this idle way of hanging about annoys me so that I cannot find what I want. Haven't you some knitting, or some crochet, that you can fill up the day with?"

"May I take it into the garden?" asked Joanna, resignedly.

"Yes, surely, child," Miss Basil replied; for now, that Arthur Kendall was gone, why should she not have the freedom of the garden? Any thing to keep her out of the way just now.

But Joanna was going into the garden with the express purpose of waylaying Basil Redmond, whom she felt sure of meeting alone, as, by the time he took his departure, Pamela, she knew, would be under the necessity of skimming the cream.

She hid herself, therefore, within the friendly shadow of a ragged, overgrown *eonymus*, and waited; but she waited long. Basil Redmond was much later than she had thought he would be, and when at last he came he was not alone. Joanna, within the shadow, distinctly heard Mrs. Basil's subdued but clear tones in earnest discussion.

"... But I found her here, as you know, when I married, and I asked the judge no questions," Mrs. Basil was saying.

They had evidently arrested their steps at this point, and were standing now quite near Joanna's retreat.

"I am utterly free from idle curiosity," continued Mrs. Basil. "I have not the faintest desire to pry into her affairs; but you must agree with me that it is extremely embarrassing to find that she has become a subject of gossip. One really does not know what to say when one is assailed with the statement that a quiet, inoffensive, retired woman like Miss Basil is the centre of some great mystery. Pamela is so—so reticent that I hesitate to say anything to her."

"Thank you; you are very considerate," said Redmond, quickly.

"But, indeed, this sort of gossip should be stopped; and I appeal to you, Mr. Redmond, to say how it can best be done."

"The best way to stop it, I should think," replied he, after a pause, "would be simply not to heed it."

"But consider: this story, or rather this hint of a story, for there is nothing tangible about it, so far as I can learn, comes through Lydia Crane, a sister of Lebrun the milliner, who has a cousin living out West, in the very neighborhood from which Miss Basil came—"

"It is many years ago," interrupted Redmond, briefly.

"And this cousin of Lebrun's," continued Mrs. Basil, "writes to her relatives here, declaring that there is some mighty mystery

about Miss Basil; and that only very recently some one has been out there instituting very strict inquiries about her. One can hardly refuse to listen to statements like this, though I blush to relate such tattle; yet it strikes me that you are the proper person to refute it."

A pause followed, during which Joanna, whose conscience did not reproach her in the least for listening, feared that the loud beating of her heart must betray her.

At last Redmond spoke:

"All this seems to me too vague to be worth refuting; but it is due to you, perhaps, to say that—Miss Basil has a story—"

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Basil, sharply.

"A sad and painful story. It was known to the judge, who counseled silence; and silence certainly seemed best under then-existing circumstances. The time, however, is coming, I think, when silence shall no longer be advisable; but, until this time does come, I cannot feel at liberty to reveal what I know of her story; and, meanwhile, I rely upon your known discretion and—sympathy."

In grappling with the world at so early an age, Basil Redmond had certainly learned some adroitness.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Basil. "But, I must express a hope, Mr. Redmond, that this—mystery of Miss Basil's, into which, it is needless to say, I will no further inquire, will reflect no discredit upon the Basil family. I bear the name myself."

"It will reflect no discredit upon the Basil family," Redmond replied, rather coldly.

"It is getting late," said Mrs. Basil. Then, with a long, shivering sigh: "I will no longer detain you. Good-night."

"Good-night," responded Redmond, standing for a moment wrapped in thought where Mrs. Basil had left him. Only for a moment, however; hardly had she disappeared when Joanna sprang out of her retreat and startled his thoughts away.

"I've heard what you said," panted she. "I listened on purpose; right or wrong, I must know. I waited here to ask you. Pamela is all I have in the world; why must you come between us with your secrets and your mysteries?"

Poor little Joanna! she had been all day conning a well-worded, deliberate, effective speech; and this was all that she could say, half choking with the utterance, as it was.

"Joanna!" exclaimed Redmond. "Poor child!" And Joanna, who had persuaded herself that she hated him, burst into tears at his sympathizing tones. "Joanna! Joanna!" he said, distressed, "be quiet, try to be quiet, and I will make you understand it." Joanna, then, by a great effort, having subdued her sobs, he continued, gravely: "If you have heard what I said to Mrs. Basil, there is no need for me to repeat it; for I can tell you no more than I told her. But hear me one moment, little Joanna—can you not see that your 'Mela, as you call her, has a right to withhold her confidence from you? If you love her, you will trust her without exacting confidence; you will bear in mind what you have heard me say, that her story is a sad and painful one, and you will shrink from all allusion to it for very pity."

Joanna, as she heard him, began to feel miserably guilty.

"I see I have been wrong," she said, meekly. "I would like to be a comfort and consolation to 'Mela, for often enough I've been a pure aggravation."

"You can be a comfort and consolation to her without a doubt," said Redmond, smiling to himself at her artlessness. "Joanna, you and I should never forget that she has been to each of us a mother indeed. What should we be without her? For myself, I tremble to think."

He paused, and was silent a long time.

"I don't understand you," said Joanna, timidly. She was awed by his manner.

"You cannot get over the impression that I am a stranger," said he, with a kindly smile. "Sit here on this bench, and let me tell you about the time when you were my playmate in this very garden; let me, if possible, recall myself to your remembrance."

"And yet," said Joanna, yielding a reluctant consent, "you don't live here; you've been away for years, and when you come back you stay over in the town as if you were a stranger, really."

His face darkened.

"I can never make Basilwood my home," said he; "but I do not wish to talk about that, Joanna; I would rather make you remember me, if I can;" and then he began to tell her about his boyhood at his Basilwood.

Miss Basil, in her dry, brief fashion, had recounted it all before; but there was so wide a difference between her manner and his, that the story had all the charm of novelty, and, though it was not possible to recall more than a very faint image of that time to her remembrance, her prejudice against him, as a stranger, began slowly to fade away.

Her interest deepened when he came to speak of his life "out in the world." It had been a struggle full of adventure.

"I must have succumbed to temptation and been lost forever," said he, with feeling, as if to sum up all that remained to be said about his debt to Miss Basil, "but for that constant soul. She never lost sight of me, she never lost faith in me. I was the hope of her life, she said, and she made it impossible that I should disappoint her."

"H'm!" said Joanna; "and I am the despair of her life; she tells me so from day to day."

"Oh, no," Basil Redmond answered; "you must not be that. Did you not say just now that you would be her comfort and consolation?"

Then he bade her "Good-night," and was gone.

JOHN BLANDFORD'S WIDOW.

"COME and make me a visit," wrote Mrs. John Blandford to Philip Amyott, "and I will give you two delicacies—the largest strawberries of the season, and the society of the prettiest woman in America."

Philip Amyott was a great deal surprised at receiving the above invitation. He had

never known Mrs. Blandford at all well, though he and she had once or twice found themselves fellow-guests at some of his cousin's fashionable dinner-parties, this cousin being a certain Mrs. Churchill Abernethy, a lady of great wealth, and a prominent social leader.

Philip, whom Fortune had favored with a neat inherited income, was frequently the recipient of summer invitations to country-houses; but he remembered Mrs. Blandford much too accurately for the commission of any such blunder as to infer that she was playing the manoeuvring mamma; yet the manoeuvring sister or bosom-friend was a wholly different matter. Who was the prettiest woman in America? Philip examined the dainty, violet-scented note again, and made himself quite sure that his would-be hostess had not answered this vital question. Then he assumed a plaintively bored look, and told himself that there was little doubt of the prettiest woman in America being unwedded and perhaps poor. Spare him the charge of egotism because of these reflections. He had been made so often to feel like a peripatetic money-bag in the presence of diligent feminine self-interest, that a certain sort of skepticism (which, as we know, comes from the Greek of "to observe") had necessarily singed, if not blighted, the freshness more natural to his twenty-eight years of manhood.

On the whole, Philip had no reason for refusing Mrs. Blandford's invitation. None, that is, except one. Her husband, John Blandford, whom he saw now and then at the club, and was occasionally thrown with, he disliked to a considerable degree. Blandford, Philip had some time ago made up his mind, was a purse-proud, social bully.

As it turned out, however, he went up to Blandford's place on a Hudson River steamboat, not many days later, in the society of that gentleman himself. Philip scarcely knew why he subjected his nervous system to this last trial, except that perhaps there lurked within him a deep curiosity to see the prettiest woman in America; and, besides, it was insupportably hot, and a steamboat, even with Blandford, preferable in this weather to a railway-car without him.

During the voyage he learned the name of the Badoura, to whom he had perhaps been asked to play Camaralzaman. It was Mrs. Eustace Averill, the widow of a well-known Philadelphia lawyer. Blandford, who was a large man, with a beardless face and a great, arching nose, was enthusiastic about her. Being by nature a bully, as before has been said, he strove, with hand-wavings, and with grimaces, and with occasional pattings of his companion's shoulder, to bully Philip into believing that there had never existed so great a beauty as this same Mrs. Averill.

Not long afterward Philip had an opportunity of assuring himself that Mrs. Averill was a sort of animated wax-figure, after the pattern which we see in barbers' windows. It was a face of the utmost pink-and-white regularity; but it was worse as the mask of a complete mental vacuity, and somehow suggestions of this stole out—principally through its mouth, no doubt, though Philip

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fancied he saw them even in the soft eyes, and in the classic forehead line of Mrs. Averill's irreproachable profile.

All that evening he talked to Mrs. Blandford, and let his host bully this nonpareil of beauties on whatever subjects might conversationally present themselves. He had sat next to Mrs. Averill at dinner, a certain Italian gentleman named Bernotti, and a certain elderly lady, with gray temple-curls and a sweet smile, whom Mr. Blandford addressed as "mother," occupying the other side of the small dinner-table.

The conversation had not been so general but that Philip could make up his mind pretty clearly as regarded Mrs. Averill's capacities for boring him. There was something exquisitely and surprisingly refreshing in the interview that followed between his hostess and himself. The Blandfords' house had a great, commodious piazza, nearly surrounding it. They found themselves walking this, while a large, vivid-yellow moon, ascendant in the limpid east, came to them by many sweet golden glimpses through crevices in the dusky tapestries of woodbine and clematis.

Meeting Mrs. Blandford at a fashionable New York dinner-party, and meeting her here in the country, were two very different matters, as Philip soon discovered. She was not at all a beautiful woman; indeed, she paled to nothing before the unblemished correctness of Mrs. Averill. She was slim of figure, very graceful in every movement, and possessed a pair of darkly-humid hazel eyes; this was all that her most vehement admirer would have dared to say about her physical charms.

"You don't seem to have conceived any great fondness for Mrs. Averill," she told Philip, a day or two later.

"Oh, your husband monopolizes her," he answered, "and your Italian friend Signor Bernotti. By-the-way," he added, "I was asked up, was I not, because of this lovely lady?"

Mrs. Blandford looked candid.

"You read my note. She and the strawberries were put forward as inducements."

"Both powerful ones, of course," answered Philip, with a little laugh; "but pardon me telling you that I have found the strawberries—" And then he broke off abruptly with: "Since I was only asked up because of her, I suppose I shall be expected to vanish when she does."

But he did nothing of the sort. He staid two weeks after Mrs. Averill took her departure, under the protection of Mr. Blandford, the latter having conceived a sudden fancy for town again.

Up to the time of Mr. Blandford's going, Philip had grown pretty clearly to understand the terms on which husband and wife stood. Ambition, or some such motive, had made this woman marry John Blandford, and the presence of the man was now in itself a weariness to her. As for Blandford, he omitted no opportunity of bullying his wife on the most trifling subjects, and before their two guests as well; it was only the lady's practised tact that often saved her from the most irritating and unsolicited

assaults while Philip and the Italian were present. Old Mrs. Blandford, however (the lady with the gray curls and the sweet smile), more than once exerted over her social scape-goat of a son the gentlest and yet the most accentuated influence.

There is no doubt that Philip Amyott had begun to feel, at the commencement of his subsequent two-weeks' stay, that some emotional disquiet, wholly foreign to his previous experience, had somehow entered his life; and the following fortnight developed this disquiet, so to speak, into a full-grown, undeniable passion.

Philip had what, in its broadest and best sense, deserves to be called a moral temperament. The thought of his feelings toward Mrs. Blandford was not alone a sorrow to him, it was a source of chilling self-disgust as well. "I feel like a man in a French novel," he told himself, on a certain evening, just before the quiet-spoken, commonplace little interview which informed his hostess that he was going back to town on the morrow.

No personal ambition had brought about Mrs. Blandford's marriage. She was "literally puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue." Her parents were poor, and it was out of the question that a great match like John Blandford should fall in love with Sybil Emlyn's hazel eyes and not make conquest of their owner. She remembered well enough how she inwardly shuddered when she got her betrothal kiss.

Perhaps her husband discovered soon enough her utter indifference, and so grew vehemently to reciprocate it after his own characteristic fashion. However this may have been, their married life had turned out a sad farce. From the first moment that she had met Philip Amyott, Sybil Blandford had liked him; but she foresaw no vaguest prophetic sign of what was to come when she asked that he would eat her strawberries and admire her handsome guest.

Slight marvel, indeed, that the interview in which Philip told of his purposed departure should have been both placid and prosaic. Mrs. Blandford was an inflexible casuist on certain points, and, if Philip felt at all like the hero of a French novel, be sure that she did not contribute by least word or look to the effectiveness of his situation.

"You can go down with Mr. Bernotti," she told him, "if you choose to take the eleven-ten train. He always takes that."

It must not be supposed that the Italian gentleman, Signor Bernotti, had been staying all this time at Mrs. Blandford's country-house. Indeed, he had made two short visits there since Philip's arrival, not remaining more than a day each time, and the present visit was now his third. Mrs. Blandford seemed fond of his society, as indeed she cordially was. He received from her a certain humorously-patronizing treatment, sometimes, that appeared both given and accepted in complete good-nature. Bernotti was a handsome fellow, with his vivid dusk eyes and his clear-cut, colorless face, and lithe, erect figure. The Blandfords had picked him up somewhere abroad, people said, and he was of quite distinguished birth and consid-

erable means. He usually passed in society for being rather more John Blandford's friend than his wife's. Anyhow, he had gained and certainly deserved the name of a household intimate.

After his return to New York, Philip Amyott went through a great deal of severe mental pain. He had never loved any woman before, and this woman had now seemed to him the sweet epitome of all lovable graces. He was miserable, as a man hopelessly in love must of necessity find himself. But he struggled hard with his own passion all that summer, and toward autumn he had reached a state of either real or fancied peace.

During October chance directed that he should fall in with Blandford, one afternoon, at the club. Blandford, it happened, was in one of his most bullying moods. He was to start for his country-place on the following day, and, having always liked Philip, it struck him that he would bully that gentleman into making himself and wife another visit. Philip received the proposal, felt a quiver of temptation pass through him, and politely refused it. Blandford insisted. Though himself perfectly indifferent to Nature in all her moods, he spoke with enthusiasm regarding the beautiful autumnal tints this year, and promised Philip (a subject on which he was much more at home) some capital woodcock-shooting.

How little he knew, this persistent dealer in hospitalities, that an infinitely stronger inducement than any thus far mentioned was pulling at poor Philip's heart-strings! It is no wonder that passion, to this slight extent at least, slowly gained the upper hand of principle. Philip began to waver. "I had a half engagement to go and visit my cousin, Mrs. Churchill Abernethy, to-morrow," he audibly meditated, "but—" And he went up with Blandford on the following day.

Bernotti accompanied them. He was a sort of social salvation to Philip on board the steamboat, for his suave, high-bred manner made Blandford's flimsy, self-assertive commonplaces much less to be minded. Philip inquired of Bernotti whether this was the first visit he had paid to their prospective host and hostess since they themselves had both come down together in early July.

"Oh, no," Bernotti answered, with what struck his listener as a kind of frank sadness. "I have been many times since then—at least three times each month, I should say. But short visits, you know—short visits."

"I believe the man has some hopeless love-affair," thought Philip, stealing a glance through their mutual cigarette-smoke, while they sat side by side on deck, at the dusky-pale face of the Italian and his dark, drooped, meditative eyes. "And I believe, too, that he goes to Mrs. Blandford for friendly consolation."

Philip was doubtless a bombshell to his hostess. But she met him magnificently. Her "How have you passed the summer, Mr. Amyott?" was the supreme of nice acting. As for Philip, he found that he had much over-measured his powers. The hand which gave her greeting was cold, almost clammy. His face had paled as they met, but while she spoke it began to flush feverishly.

Sybil Blandford knew the world she lived in. "This man must put me on my guard," she told herself. "He has gained nothing in self-control since we met, and" (while a great pang shot through her heart) "I can see well enough by his face how he has suffered."

Dinner was soon served after the gentlemen's arrival, and its first courses passed off with all desirable harmony. But at length the old atrocious taste began to show itself in Blandford's manner toward his wife. Several slurring impertinences, just jocose enough to be less easily borne on that account, left his lips. Philip discovered himself taking two or three large swallows of sherry in quick succession. Somehow he found this sort of thing much harder to endure after his weeks of suffering—of regret for the irremediable. Once he let his eyes wander toward Bernotti, willing enough to exchange with the Italian a glance that might express their common disgust. But Bernotti had raised a glass of water to his lips, and so partly concealed his face, while his eyes wore their rather habitual drooped expression, failing to meet Philip's.

The dowager Mrs. Blandford repeatedly, on these occasions, came to the rescue of her daughter-in-law, and the redemption, as regards some lingering residual courtesy, of her offensive son. But her powers were to-night of little avail.

"And so you have remained here all through the summer?" Philip made words during a pause, addressing Mrs. Blandford.

Mr. Blandford tossed off his third or fourth glass of claret. "Yes, all summer," he took upon himself to blurt forth boorishly in answer. "She wouldn't even go to Newport in August. There's some concealed attraction round here. I don't know what it can be except a flirtation with one of my farm-hands."

The vulgarity of this speech was nothing to the leer of somewhat vinous semi-jollity that accompanied it. Mrs. Blandford fixed both eyes on her plate and shuddered in a slightly visible manner. And then it seemed to her that something forced them toward the face of Philip Amyot.

He was gazing at her with a kind of recklessly-abandoned fixity. His look said—"Shall I leave your table? Shall I knock this man down? Shall I make by words your cause my cause? For Heaven's sake, tell me, *what* shall I do to prove my intense sympathy and pity?"

She looked back—"Do nothing." It was not hard thus mutely to speak these words, for it only needed a little imperious raising of the brows on Mrs. Blandford's part, and a little curve of the lip, half astonished, half scornful. Philip dropped his eyes. He understood her perfectly, and admired from his soul what seemed to him the noble, self-reliant pride of her resentment. The dinner dragged itself through, after this, with no further pleasant manifestations from its presiding Chesterfield. The gentlemen were left alone after dessert. Blandford brought out some really superb madeira, but Philip felt that he was incapable of uttering a word in its praise. Indeed, it was with difficulty that he could address Blandford, or even pay decent heed to that person's remarks. But,

while looking at Bernotti, whom he several times addressed, Philip thought he saw on the Italian's delicate face a pallor that much surpassed its usual suggestion of colorlessness. Was it possible that Bernotti, too, felt for his friend in the wretched mockery of her position? Possible? Ah, why not more than probable? Philip would have liked, just then, to rise from the table and cordially grasp the Italian's hand within his own.

The next day was full of mellowest golden haziness, and every gaudy-tinted sweep of woodland showed with splendor of contrast against the blandly-blue autumn heaven. There was no legitimate excuse for woodcock-shooting, though Philip would fain have made one, for the reason that he loathed the thought of Blandford's unshared society, if because of no other. But to his great relief he discovered that Bernotti would accompany them, and that he was a well-practised and even enthusiastic sportsman.

Blandford possessed an excellent dog, but he failed to discover any birds during nearly an hour after the little party of three arrived at the proper swampy locality. At last Blandford (really an excellent shot) was fortunate enough to secure a bird, and filled with consequent immense good-humor. Another shortly afterward fell to his pouch, and he immediately began to narrate a sporting anecdote in which he himself cut the noblest of figures as its hero.

They were at this time on the outskirts of a small, half-marshy wood. Philip strolled away in disgust, so ill-concealed that he had the prudence at least to invest it with distance. Something had been said about eating, presently, the luncheon which they had brought with them. He presumed they would eat it somewhere in this neighborhood. Altogether, he concluded, while seating himself on a fallen tree-trunk, it would perhaps be a benefit to his nervous state if he ate it not at all, but quietly allowed his companions to lose him. Already they were out of sight—he dejectedly told himself that he neither knew nor cared how far. A brisk south wind, so common to these hazy days of our autumn, had recently arisen, and was making a wide, murmurous sound among the innumerable brittle leaves that it rustled.

Philip's eyes were fixed on some point directly in front of him, though from their meditative look, while he leaned on his gun, you would have said that they observed but little. Suddenly the sharp, whirring noise of a woodcock, when it rises, sounded behind him. He quickly turned, perceived the risen bird, raised his gun to his shoulder, and fired before it had cleared a distance of more than four feet from the ground. Easy as was the shot, he missed the bird. He then fired again, and again missed.

An expression of annoyance left his lips. In his then dejected and irritated state this trifling assumed far greater importance than it would otherwise have done. It gave him, however, a certain relish for the sport of which he had come in pursuit. "I wonder where those men are?" he muttered, ill-humoredly enough to have suggested that the separation had been wholly their fault.

Just then a cry of distress, seemingly from a very slight distance off, struck his ear. Almost immediately afterward Bernotti came hurrying from a little tract of wood, which had been close behind the spot whence the missed woodcock had risen.

Bernotti was lividly pale. He caught Philip's arm with a hand whose clutch was like iron.

"You fired a minute ago, did you not?" he questioned, gaspingly.

"Yes."

"You have shot Mr. Blandford. We were coming to look for you. I suppose you did not hear us because of the wind. It is very terrible!"

Philip lifted a hand bewilderingly to his forehead. While he stared with blank looks at Bernotti, the Italian pulled him slightly by the sleeve and pointed toward the wood.

Then they both went together (Philip a little unsteadily), and looked upon what had been done. Blandford lay very near the edge of the wood—so near, in truth, that the impossibility of not having seen his form through the branches flashed across Philip with the momentary force of strongest conviction, as he now knelt down beside the fallen man.

His head was bleeding profusely, as though from some wound in the temple; his eyes were closed; his face ghastly. Philip laid a hand upon his heart; there was scarcely a perceptible flutter here. He sprang to his feet.

"One of us must get help," he exclaimed. "Shall I go?"

"No," answered Bernotti, with speed. "I am a very fast runner. Let me go." And a moment later he had dashed away through the trees.

Philip again knelt down at the side of Blandford. He suddenly remembered that he carried a flask of brandy, and at once produced it. To pour it through those blunting lips was, however, a work of much difficulty; but he succeeded in making the wounded man swallow nearly a mouthful of the liquor, after a little persistent effort.

The effect was very rapid. A slight color touched Blandford's cheeks, though he did not, for some little space, open his eyes. Presently, however, his eyes were unclosed, and fixed steadfastly on Philip's face. They had, as their observer noticed, a glassy and blunted look.

"Murderer!" the unfortunate man groaned at this point, in a voice husky beyond recognition, while the word was evidently a result of severe physical labor. And immediately afterward his eyelids drooped themselves, and there came across his face the swift yet certain signs of death.

Philip shuddered from head to foot. The certitude of his own innocence seemed, naturally enough, to thrill through all his being, but a sensation of utter horror thrilled with it. Had Blandford seen him raise his gun and fire, and had Blandford believed—oh, no! the thought was too horrible! And yet why should that awfully-accusing word have left the dying man's lips?

A good half-hour elapsed before Bernotti's return. He brought several men and a sort

of litter as well. When he arrived there was no longer the slightest doubt of Blandford's death. The body was placed upon the litter, amid the men's ejaculations of astonishment and sympathy, not unmixed with occasional side-glances in Philip's direction. He and Bernotti made the last two of the sad homeward procession that now followed.

The next few days were to Philip inex-pressibly wretched. There was, of course, an inquest, at which the gloomy simplicity of his testimony, and the overwhelming directness of Bernotti's, made slight difficulty about a verdict. The Italian had seen Philip, between the branches of the near trees, raise his gun and fire, while he advanced in that direction with Mr. Blandford. The action was so rapid that he had not even time to warn Mr. Amyott, and the next instant Mr. Blandford fell at his feet. "But Mr. Amyott," Bernotti went on to say, "now fired a second time, and in a wholly different direction. My first thought was of the wounded man. I stooped down beside him for a moment, ascertained that he was even then senseless, and at once hurried out to inform Mr. Amyott of this terrible accident."

Nothing that might be called a private interview took place between Philip and Mrs. Blandford. When they met, either Bernotti or her mother-in-law was present. Her manner was full of a sort of stunned, decorous composure. She seemed to recognize Philip's miserable situation, and to pity it keenly, but she seemed to recognize, as well, how ill-advised would be any excess of sympathy on her own part. The dowager Mrs. Blandford was almost prostrated by grief; she had, doubtless, tenderly loved her son. No words of useless reproach passed her lips, however, while she was in Philip's presence; and very probably, if such had been the case, these words would have added nothing to the utter mental desolation and protracted suffering of the poor fellow's condition.

The funeral took place at the late Mr. Blandford's country-residence, and was, consequently, in a comparative degree, small; but many acquaintances came up from town, and Bernotti, the one visible witness of the sad accident, was assailed with numberless inevitable questions, Philip remaining (at the Italian's earnest advice) concealed from all curious eyes during the mournful ceremony. "I confess that I can scarcely make up my mind how to act," Philip had dejectedly said, on the previous day, and Bernotti, a most ready and valuable counselor, had at once answered: "Remain away from everybody; it will be in far better taste. You must not even go to the grave. People cannot doubt the intensity of your feelings in this matter, and everybody will, of course, understand your horror of being stared at, and of having your demeanor, under such peculiar and distressing circumstances, publicly discussed." And Philip, yielding to the feverish, insistent pertinacity with which Bernotti enforced his views, accepted them. He grasped, indeed, with a kind of doleful gladness, at the more comfortable course which they presented to his shocked, weakened, and almost nerveless energies.

His departure from the house which he

had entered under auspices so widely opposite, had in it a kind of woful commonplace. His partings with Mrs. Blandford and her mother-in-law were made at the same period. He addressed himself, half unconsciously, to the latter lady in especial. "It seems like audacity," he said, "for me to speak of myself just now. Yet I must put forward my utterly bewildered feelings of gloom and wretchedness as an excuse for finding no words that can at all match the subject with which I am called upon to deal." And now his voice faltered, while his eyes covertly wandered toward where the younger Mrs. Blandford stood, silent, pale, clad in her deep-black widow's dress. "If it is ever in my power to do either of you the least or the greatest service—" he recommenced; and then, while he paused for a second, holding out his hand toward John Blandford's mother, that lady spoke a few brief sentences, so full of sweet, compassionate, and appreciative heartiness that they dwelt with him assuagingly for hours afterward. "Believe that I echo what my mother-in-law has just said," the younger lady murmured, when it came her turn to accept Philip's offered hand.

A little later he left the house.

Bernotti accompanied him. Toward the Italian Philip felt a sense of strong gratitude. The part which he had played all through this miserable affair had been marked by the most delicately administrative tact, materially lessening the poignant discomfort of his position. Even now, as he could not but recollect, it was through Bernotti's kind agency alone that he had been enabled to see these two ladies thus privately; for the house was populous, just then, with relatives on either side of the family, who, in their consolatory capacity, had remained over from the funeral. Bernotti went with him to New York. After reaching the city, they separated. Philip had been so morbidly self-absorbed as not to notice how haggard, worn, and ill, his companion looked, until just as their parting occurred.

"These few days have told upon you, Bernotti," he declared, while holding the Italian's hand, and scanning, with attention, his changed face. "Accept my thanks for all that you have done in my behalf—and I feel that it is much. I have already given you my address. Don't fail to come and see me. I shall, doubtless, be permanently at home for a long time. I shall go nowhere, you know, and be visible to very few except yourself."

But Bernotti did not visit him. A month of the most dismal depression followed for poor Philip. He had scarcely a near relation living; the society of his few more intimate friends had grown an inexpressible pain to him. There were some nights during which he wholly failed to sleep—others when hideous dreams made wakefulness far preferable to slumber. Now and then the thought of suicide temptingly haunted him. Hearing that the two Mrs. Blandfords had both come back to town, he wrote the younger lady a note, stating that if it was her pleasure to see him he would be most willing to call. The answer was courteous and friendly, but it contained these words: "I

hate to write such a sentence, and yet I must tell you that I think it best you should pay me no visit just now. By-and-by, when more time has passed, I may perhaps send you a request to come."

Another month lapsed along, and yet another, and Philip's state was but slightly improved. Indeed, his health began to give way, and the physician whom he consulted strongly advised travel.

In December he resolved to go abroad. Before going, he hunted up Bernotti's residence, and called upon him. It was a boarding-house; and, instead of seeing Bernotti, he learned from the presiding landlady that this gentleman was lying dangerously ill. His illness had been of about two weeks' duration; the doctors feared no immediate peril, but the results were uncertain, a regular nurse had been engaged, and the invalid had been forbidden all society. The lady could not be at all positive regarding the nature of the illness; it was a sort of general decline, she imagined, with some obstinate complication in the way of brain-trouble. Philip's passage was engaged for the next day, and on the next day he sailed.

He remained in Europe nearly two years. The change at first promised him no benefit, but at length a slow yet steady return to former wholesome conditions manifested itself not less morally than physically. His exhausting wound began to heal. He was in many respects any thing but the old Philip, although grown so closely to resemble him that ordinary eyes might ill have perceived any difference. Perhaps, indeed, his society possessed added attractions. He had traveled a great deal during these two years, and was just the man to reap thereby much pronounced beneficial result. At the end of the two years he returned to America.

It was a matter of *noblesse oblige* (or so he assured himself) promptly to call upon Mrs. Blandford after arriving in New York. He selected a certain clear afternoon when her being out was among the strongest probabilities, ascertained that she was out from the servant at the door, and left his card. It was now for her, he reflected, to take the next step. If she cared to see him, she would send for him.

She did send on the following day. Her note was briefly satisfactory, expressing a desire to meet him that hovered midway between courtesy and cordiality. The same evening Philip called again.

The moment that he looked upon her a surge as of revived passion made headlong tumult within him. But he knew well enough while he took her hand that it was *not* revivified passion. He knew well enough that it was the half-intoxicating delight of again meeting one for whom his love, through months of absence, illness, and suffering, had remained unalterably persistent.

The conversation began by her quietly asking him about his travels. Philip talked on and on for perhaps a half-hour, with occasional answers from his companion, though close attentiveness. He suddenly broke off with a laugh, exclaiming:

"But you are making me behave like a guide-book. Had we not better leave Eu-

rope, cross the ocean, and say something of your own affairs?"

Mrs. Blandford dropped the hazel eyes, then lifted them with suddenness.

"I am very well," she murmured, rather musingly, "and very humdrum, as you may suppose, in my mode of living."

"Your gay times are coming in a little while longer," Philip responded, with his gaze fixed on the floor. His tone, though he may not have known it, was supremely sad.

Mrs. Blandford started.

"And yours?" she questioned, almost with sharpness. "Do you mean that they are forever gone? I—I had hoped," she went hesitatingly on—"I had hoped, Mr. Amyott—"

"Well?" questioned Philip.

"That time would bring you ample consolation for whatever intensity of regret you had suffered because of that wretched episode. It is sad to think otherwise."

Philip rose to his feet. He was trembling in every limb, and noticeably pale.

"It is not that," he stammered. "And yet the past, succeed as I may in forgetting it, will not be wholly forgotten." His voice grew hollow and hoarse through great feeling as he drew several steps nearer the woman he loved. "It is almost as if I had wantonly murdered your husband, and his blood now cried out for vengeance upon me."

He suddenly sank on the little sofa at her side, and fixed his burning look upon her startled face.

"Do you understand me?" he whispered, in a voice where she heard a man fight, and only half controllingly, with a man's anguish. "If not, I mean this: I have loved you all along—almost from the first hour we talked together. What might have been a blessed freedom for both of us (I know very well that you could not endure your dead husband) has become, to me at least, a worse captivity. You are to be won, but I can never win you—the world would cry out against it as a sacrilege, an infamy! It is this thought that has kept me ill so long. God knows how I ever got well again!—yes, it was this maddening thought, far more than—"

His voice died into a sort of amazed murmur. He had seen that her eyes were swimming in tears, and that her whitened lips were quivering, while both hands had knotted themselves convulsively in her lap.

"Sybil!" he burst forth.

She uttered a short, sobbing cry. A moment afterward they were locked in each other's arms.

But a very little later she had broken away from him.

"I love you," she faltered, a strange firmness amid the tremor of her tones—"I love you well enough not to care for the world, in so far as its sneers and scandals assail myself; but—no, no! I will not have people say of you the terrible things that I am sure they would say."

Philip laughed aloud as he seized one of her hands and rapturously kissed it.

"That is quite enough, Sybil Blandford. What do I care for the world when you are my wife? Let them say that I killed you!"

"Oh, hush!" she cried.

But she did not draw her hand away from his. Through her tears she saw his bright smile, self-confident and blissful.

Two days later society was scandalized by the news of their formal engagement. The dowager Mrs. Blandford was in Philadelphia, living with a married daughter in that city; yet her son's widow had to pass through a staring ordeal enough, not alone because of certain relatives on her own and her husband's side, but because also of Philip's grand-cousin, that efficient social pillar, Mrs. Churchill Abernethy. The horror manifested by this estimable leader of fashion was something well fitted to appall. Clad in heavy-corded black silk, she called on Sybil Blandford, and poured forth indignation upon her and upon the absent Philip with truly superb effect. She said some foolish things, and not a few sensible ones. She appealed to Sybil's knowledge of the world, her natural modesty, her regard for decent conventional laws, and Heaven knows to what else, using every arrow which outraged propriety possesses within its ably-stocked quiver.

But the object of this fine outburst stood her ground, even against Mrs. Churchill Abernethy. Two weeks later her marriage to Philip was privately performed. A day or so after the ceremony they sailed for Europe.

They made Paris their residence for six months, living in retired quarters of the city, and rarely seeing many of their own country-people whom they knew—rarely seeing, for that matter, any people in whom they took interest, excepting each other. It is only the truth to say that they were both serenely and exquisitely happy. But after the six months they went to Venice, and the following winter began for them a residence in Florence, which lasted four years. During this time a boy and a girl were born to them. Philip made as devoted a father as husband. His wife, never pretty in the accepted meaning of the word, had acquired a touch of stoutness that her Italian friends (and these were not a few) pronounced infinitely becoming. But it was perhaps another cause that combined with this to make her more physically attractive. A sweet, spiritual peace was in her soul, and doubtless left its impress, ethereal yet positive, upon every feature.

If Philip Amyott's life had any trouble it was the cloud overshadowing his good name after this marriage with the widow of John Blandford. Especially since the birth of his children had he grown to feel the weight of what he well knew to be his social stigma.

Now and then he met those of his own country-people in Florence who made it evident in their manner that they had formed marked views and drawn certain pointed conclusions. He was naturally a man very sensitive to any thing resembling cool treatment. Never going often into any sort of Florentine society, he finally gave it up altogether. He read considerably, spent much time with his wife and children, and now and then lounged about the *caffè*s. Mrs. Amyott sustained the burden of both visiting and entertaining, and very gracefully she did it.

One day, after having been out an hour

or two, Philip remarked to his wife on entering the room where she sat:

"Sybil, whom do you think I saw today?"

Mrs. Amyott smilingly admitted herself incapable of guessing. "Bernotti," Philip then informed her. "He was in the — Café for some time while I was there, I suppose, but I did not see him until just as I was passing out. It was then that I caught a brief glimpse of his face. I never saw any thing more horribly worn and haggard. It now seems strange to me that I should even have recognized him at all."

At this point Philip perceived an odd change in his wife's look. Her eyes had grown troubled, and she wore a sudden and undoubted paleness. The next moment she abruptly rose from her chair and walked toward a window.

"You don't appear greatly interested in this subject of Bernotti," he at length resumed. "Poor fellow, he was very sick the last time I heard from him. That was nearly six years ago, and—"

His wife turned from the window with quite a bright smile. "Philip," she exclaimed, "here come the children with Peppa. Little Clarence looks so rosy from his walk! Go down and meet them. You know how it pleases them both to have you do this."

Five days later, as Philip was leaving his house one afternoon, a man of somewhat shabby appearance touched his hat and handed him a note, at once moving away. Philip broke the seal and read these words, written in Italian :

"My doctors tell me that there remain only a few hours for me to live. I have something to tell you—and to give you as well. Will you not come at once to my bedside? It is a matter of supreme import. Have you forgotten

"LUIGI BERNOTTI?"

The address followed these few lines. Philip lost no time in starting for the place indicated. It was not a great distance off, and he found, on reaching the desired residence, that Bernotti occupied a modest suite of rooms on the second-floor of very prosperous-looking lodgings.

A grave, lean-faced Italian ushered him into Bernotti's room. The man was evidently a hired nurse, for, as he passed with Philip toward the invalid's quarters, he murmured, in solemn tones :

"The signor is very bad to-day, very bad. I've nursed a great many in my time; still, I never saw one who was so sick and yet not only lived but kept his wits about him as well."

Philip presently stood at Bernotti's bedside. The sufferer's face was ghastly, and emaciated in a fearful way. His coal-black eyes looked enormous as he rolled them toward Philip, but he offered his visitor no greeting. One of his bony hands clutched tightly a sealed envelope, on which Philip could trace some sort of superscription. The other held an ivory crucifix, now and then raised to his lips.

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state," Bernotti's guest began. "I only knew of your being in Florence the other day, and that knowledge came from seeing you leave the — Café, though I had not seen you previously."

"I have been in Florence for six months," the sick man now murmured, and his voice was so huskily altered that Philip had a new shock. "I ought to have seen you six months sooner—when I first came. It was because of your being here that I did come.—Paolo" (suddenly addressing the nurse), "you are listening attentively?"

"Yes, signor."

"That is right—as I told you to do, you know." He leveled the intense blackness of his eyes once more upon Philip. "I wish him to hear every thing. I have deposited three separate statements with three of your former friends, to be opened after my death. And here, in my hands, I hold the written confession which you are to read, and show all the world, if you please. It is the best I can do in the way of reparation—God help me!"

Philip's face looked the widest-eyed astonishment.

"Reparation?" he iterated, questioningly.

Bernotti raised the crucifix to his colorless lips. Then he smiled with a sardonic sort of dreariness. It was like the smile of a lost soul. Philip never forgot that smile.

"You think you shot John Blandford. You did nothing of the sort *I* shot him. When he said 'Murderer,' as you told me that he did say after I had started off for help, *he meant me*. I loathed him. I had loathed him ever since—ever since I began to adore his wife. No one knows what I suffered on seeing him treat her so churlishly. At meals I used sometimes to clinch my hands under the table till I buried the nails into my flesh. She was the soul of purity, sweetness, and nobility, and it maddened me to see her maltreated by that brute. I don't think the idea of killing him ever definitely formed itself in my mind until that morning. I was standing two or three yards from him, there in the wood, and the thought suddenly flashed upon me—'Shoot, now, and swear afterward that it was an accident.' I turned cold, and a sweat broke out over my body. It seemed horrible at first, but a few seconds later I was resolved. *She* was doomed to a lifetime of slow torment with this man, whom she justly despised and hated, yet who possessed over her the most sacred authoritative rights. He was standing so that I had only to lift my gun, aim cleverly, and she was free. I did lift my gun—and fired! He fell, and I thought at first that I had killed him instantly. At the same moment I caught sight of you between the screening branches. Your gun was smoking; you too had evidently just fired; and as the gun was still on your shoulder, I at once perceived what general direction your shot must have taken.

A moment later you fired again. By this time I had made another resolve—devilish, if you will; but it seemed to me as if my mind leaped forward into the future and saw there (since I guessed your love for Sybil Blandford) a most aggravating possibility. Your shot had been simultaneous with my

own, or I would have heard it. Consequently, mine had been equally unheard by you. What if I took advantage of this wonderful chance for not alone clearing my own name of suspicion, but of placing a barrier between yourself and Sybil Blandford through all time to come?—Well, you know what followed. When you saw John Blandford's prostrate figure I had dragged it several feet nearer the edge of the wood."

White as Bernotti himself, Philip stood gazing into the Italian's cadaverous face. "You speak of making reparation for all this," he at length murmured, with something that deserves to be called a *tour de force* of calmness. "I do not see how it is possible. I am now the husband of that murdered man's widow."

"You forget those three confessional letters of which I told you. And here is one more—take it. Your wife has doubtless made known to you how I persecuted her with my passionate addresses scarcely three months after Blandford's death. No? She has said nothing? Well, such is the fact. I could not keep silent, though it would have made no difference had I waited two years, like yourself. She was utterly indifferent to me, apart from the disgust which my early avowal roused. Our last interview showed me how more than hopeless were my chances. I was fearfully ill afterward; I have been slowly dying ever since. Her marriage with you dealt me my final blow, I think, though this cursed trouble (which the doctors call a consumption) has been lingering enough. Ah! what a superb creature she is! Think of her marrying you, after all! What other woman would have been so gloriously self-abnegating, so beautifully true to the instincts of her heart?" A quick convulsive twitching now seized Bernotti's features. Presently his face grew placid again, and he smiled his former ghost-like smile. "The tension is snapped, now," he muttered. "Death gave me a reprieve until I had told you everything; now he takes it away."

Philip turned aside, shuddering. The lean-faced nurse went forward, and, taking the crucifix from Bernotti's incapable hand, pressed it against his lips.

Philip suddenly turned again toward the bed, and drew quite near the pillow from which that spectral face was gleaming. If he had never before, in all his life, shown how large his soul was, he showed it then.

Bernotti's eyelids had fallen over his feverish-lit eyes, but Philip gently touched the dying man's hand, and they at once uplifted themselves.

"You have not asked me for my forgiveness," Philip said, in a strange voice. "Do you wish it?"

The Italian's eyes flashed; a shiver passed through his frame. It was almost as if those words called his fading consciousness from the brink of annihilation.

"Do I want it!" he gasped. "Oh, my God! Will you give it?"

"Yes," answered Philip. "I pardon you."

"Excellenza," murmured the lean-faced nurse, in fervent tones, "you have a noble heart!"

Philip may be said not fully to have realized the awful significance of that day's events until he had been home about an hour, and had told Sybil every thing. And then, when he sat with one arm about her neck, and with her hand pressed firmly in his own, he spoke these words, in very slow and deliberative tones:

"After all, why should we act upon this good fortune? Why should we go back to America and face all the publicity of that fine social recantation which Bernotti has prepared for us? We have been happy enough already to believe greater happiness impossible. Perhaps the change may only bring with it unpleasant experience, and be the date of our first real troubles. Why not let well enough alone? Why go home, Sybil, just to make our peace with her majesty, Mrs. Churchill Abernethy, and people of that sort?"

As he finished speaking, a shrill yet sweetly musical peal of childish laughter sounded from the adjoining room. His wife's hazel eyes dwelt fixedly, for a moment, on Philip's. Were they both visited by the same thoughts, just then? Was that ripple of childish laughter echoing itself through their innermost souls?

"I think it would be well for us to go home, Philip," his wife murmured, a faint smile on her lips, "and make our peace with Mrs. Churchill Abernethy."

"Perhaps you are right, Sybil."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

FISH-CULTURE.

CONCLUSION.

PARTICULAR attention has been called to the opportunities afforded by the discovery of the blue-backed trout for the cultivation and improvement of our brook-trout; for there is no doubt that, with an abundant supply of this species of the *Salmo* in the same waters with our speckled beauties, or at least in such waters or under such conditions as would be favorable to the abundant production of the *equassa*, we would have the same results as are presented at Rangeley Lake. We are informed by Mr. Green, in his last report, which gives a most encouraging *résumé* of the operations of the New York Fisheries Commission, that he had procured last January a few thousand, which were then in process of incubation, and that it was probable a sufficient number of mature fish would be secured, to allow of their introduction into one or more of our New York lakes. He says: "Selection will be made of an appropriate locality, as these may become a valuable addition to the food resources both directly, for they are excellent on the tables, and indirectly, as food for larger fish. If," he adds, "their presence causes the ordinary brook-trout to grow to the size of the famous fish of the Umbagog, the Rangeley, and Richardson Lakes, they will be exceedingly valuable in some of the larger waters of New York. Their fecundity is remarkable, and much benefit may be expected from their introduction as human food if they

increase with us as rapidly as they do in Maine." It is to be hoped that the experiment will realize the expectations formed of it, as there is no doubt it will, wherever the conditions under which it is tried are favorable.

According to the last or seventh annual report, covering the operations of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York for the year 1874, the number of shad-eggs artificially impregnated, hatched, and turned loose in the Hudson River, was five million and twenty thousand. This was in the proportion of one to every fifty taken during the fishing-season, so that at this rate of production we may reasonably look forward to an abundant supply. Indeed, we already begin to enjoy the fruits of the efforts being made to increase our fish-supply, in the great number and low price of the shad in the markets of the metropolis. We are not surprised, therefore, when it is stated that there was a marked reduction in the price, and that "shad were sold at wholesale on the bank of the stream for as low as one-third of the rates which had ruled previously." The commissioners complain, and justly, we believe, that in their efforts to furnish a more abundant supply of this favorite fish to our markets they are seriously interfered with by the thousands of nets which beset the fish on their ascent to the spawning-beds, and from which hardly sufficient escape to enable the commissioners to procure the necessary quantity of spawn to prosecute their labors successfully.

It is urged that a law should be passed for the prevention of fishing from Saturday night till Monday morning, a "period during which," it is rightly maintained, "even fish should have rest." Urging the great advantage which must result from this legislation, Mr. Green says: "The percentage of loss in the market-supply will hardly be apparent; a better moral feeling will be encouraged among the fishermen, and a sufficient number of ripe shad will reach the head-waters to enable the commissioners to restock the river thoroughly, effectually, and at once. Until this is done no more can be expected than is being effected at present, that is to say, a gradual improvement of the fisheries." In Connecticut they have set us an example which we would do well to follow. There they have prohibited excessive fishing, and "the consequence has been that thirty-five hundred and sixty fish have been taken in one haul at the fisheries at the mouth of the Connecticut River, which is the largest haul made in the present century, while the entire yield was as high as any year since 1811."

Should the cessation of shad-fishing on Sundays be enforced by efficient legislation, a decided improvement would soon be apparent in the marked increase of the supply of shad in our markets, and a corresponding reduction in price. Standing at the head of the herring family, and constituting an important item in the food account, this fish is deserving of all the care and attention which have been bestowed upon it by our commissioners. It is gratifying to learn that the attempt to introduce the shad in other waters has proved eminently successful, and that, although but

four years have elapsed since some twenty thousand of the fry were sent to California, full-grown specimens have been taken in the waters of that State. Not only a new habitat has thus been found for shad, but a new ocean; for, before their introduction to the Pacific, the fish was a total stranger among its finny tribes. In the same year two hundred shad-fry were put in Lake Erie, two hundred in Lake Michigan, two hundred in Laramie River, and a like number in a few other rivers on the route to California. A mere record or diary of the operations of the principal shad-hatching establishment on the Hudson, ten miles below Albany, speaks volumes on behalf of this great work, and specially commends it to the approval and encouragement of the public. A strict account, so to speak, is opened with the Hudson River, and the number of eggs yielded by each fish captured is kept from day to day. Thus, on May 28, 1872, we find the following entry: "Caught 80 shad, 8 ripe; 160,000 eggs. Water 68° and 71°." On June 3d a large amount of work was done: "Caught 180 shad, 21 ripe; 400,000 eggs. Turned loose 260,000 young shad. Water 80° and 82°. Took 60,000 young shad to Troy Dam, and turned them loose in the river there." The greatest number procured in one day was on June 24th, when 700,000 were obtained from 33 ripe fish, while the total number taken during the season, which extended from May 18th to July 6th, was 8,915,000. Of these, 8,295,000 were successfully hatched.

The great benefits which have been conferred upon our fishing interests by the artificial propagation of shad, trout, salmon, bass, and other varieties, have led to the establishment of commissions in no fewer than eighteen States, while in addition to these commissions we have a very important body entitled the American Fish-Culturists' Association, which held its meeting last year in this city. The gentlemen composing this society are devoted to the work in which they are engaged, and afford valuable co-operation to the various officials employed in the promotion of the same interests throughout the different States. Indeed, to the combined efforts of volunteer and official pisciculturists, and the improvements which they have made in the artificial propagation of the different varieties of fish, we are indebted for the present advanced state of the art.

By ingenious contrivances for the transportation of ova, hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—of eggs have been carried thousands of miles, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. Livingston Stone, one of the most distinguished of our fish-culturists, has taken an active part in the introduction of California salmon to the rivers of our Northern, Middle, and Western States, and has added largely to the practical knowledge of the science. In the summer of 1873 he established his salmon-breeding camp on the McCloud River, in California, in the midst of the Indians, who had shown their dislike of intruders by summarily disposing of several white men and Chinese who had ventured into their territory prospecting for gold. They tried by threats and hostile demonstra-

tions to intimidate Mr. Stone, but he was not to be intimidated; and, finding that they had more to gain in various ways than they had to lose by his presence among them, they at last permitted him to prosecute his efforts without interference. Here he erected his hatching-apparatus—here on the banks of one of the most picturesque rivers in California, the waters of which so swarmed with salmon that from his tent-door he could see them jumping "at the rate of a thousand an hour." In his enthusiasm over the success of his labors he signaled the turning on of the water into his hatching-house by "collecting," as he tells us, his "whole force of whites and Indians at sunset, and, raising a large American flag over the camp." On the 26th of August, 1873, he took, from fish captured at his encampment, twenty-three thousand ripe salmon-eggs; and by the 22d of September he had secured more than two million. Of this number over a million and a quarter reached New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and Utah, alive, and consigned to the commissioners of those States, to the waters of which they were in due time transferred. Packed in moss, and placed in boxes two feet square by a foot in depth, the covers of which were closely screwed down, they were sent off on their perilous journey of three thousand miles.

The progress which has been made in aquaculture within the last ten years in the United States has been satisfactorily demonstrated in the percentage of fish which have been hatched by the artificial process from the impregnated egg. Early experiments resulted in the incubation of about twenty-five per cent., but experience and improvements, in the apparatus employed, aided by a close study of, and an intimate acquaintance with, the habits of the fish, led to a great increase, until the art has now reached such a state of perfection that not more than five, or at the utmost ten, per cent. of the ova are lost. In some instances even better results than this have been obtained; for Mr. Green states, in his "Experiences of a Practical Fish-Culturist," that of ten thousand shad-eggs he hatched all but ten. In fifteen days fully fifteen millions of the young fry had burst their imprisoning shells, and entered on their battle of life.

While such success has rewarded the efforts of our Fish Commissioners in the propagation of shad and salmon, it must not be supposed that other varieties of fish have been neglected. On the contrary, none that were worthy of their attention have been ignored. The black bass, which holds a high place in their estimation, has received, as it deserves, full consideration; but the nature of the fish necessitates a different treatment in the process of cultivation. Every attempt to procure spawn, as in the case of salmon, trout, whitefish, etc., having failed, another plan was adopted, and this has so far been found to work admirably. Bass, varying in age from one to three years, are conveyed in vessels which are kept well supplied with the necessary quantity of water, and placed in their new home, where, the conditions being favorable to their growth and development, they increase very rapidly. The essential

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requisite in the propagation of the black bass is the selection of the water best adapted to its nature and wants. It is with lakes and rivers as it is with different kinds of land—each produces in the greatest abundance the crops for which it is best adapted. It would be folly to place trout in still and sluggish waters with muddy bottoms—as foolish, indeed, as it would be to transfer from its turbid element to a clear, cold, and swift-running mountain-stream, coursing over its sandy or rocky bed, the uncomely and repelling catfish. It is to the nice discrimination exercised by the fish-culturist in such important points that the present encouraging state of the art is due.

Although our State Legislatures have been somewhat slow in aiding and encouraging the Fish Commissioners, yet much has been done by judicious and well-directed legislation for the promotion of the work in which they are engaged. Laws have been passed for the punishment by fine or imprisonment of persons convicted of selling fish out of the season within which they are allowed to be captured. But our law-makers should go still further: they should not only prohibit the catching of fish by illegitimate methods—by the liming or poisoning of water, by the use of giant-powder, and other equally atrocious and criminal appliances—but they should impose heavy penalties for the capture of the young of trout, salmon, salmon-trout, and other fish, under a certain weight. As it is, the indiscriminate warfare waged by thoughtless or unscrupulous anglers upon troutlets so small that it would take twenty or thirty to weigh a pound, should no longer be tolerated. To such an extent has this style of fishing been carried that hundreds of our streams and brooks have been literally depopulated, while others have been so overfished that the capture of a trout weighing a pound, or even half a pound, is an event of rare occurrence. Another serious obstacle to the increase in the size and number of trout in our waters is to be found in the damming up of our streams for the running of mills and factories. All access to the spawning-beds in the upper waters is thus completely cut off, and in course of time the inevitable consequence follows—the trout die out! A simple remedy for this is the construction of a fish-way which, while it would not materially reduce the quantity of water in the dam, would yet afford an unobstructed and sufficiently wide passage to permit of the ascent of the fish during the spawning season.

With such protection from our law-makers, and liberal appropriations to meet the reasonable demands of the commissioners and superintendents for the means essential to the successful prosecution of their labors, the most sanguine expectations of our fish-culturists will be realized; our exhausted waters will be replenished, a valuable addition will be made to our food-supply, a great branch of our productive industry will not only be restored, but rendered more productive and profitable than ever, and a substantial and lasting benefit will be conferred on the whole population.

J. M.

A DAY AT SALEM.

IT is not always to be accounted as a misfortune to miss your train, and be left over for a few hours at some place on your way, instead of being sped on, as you had expected, to that other place where you meant to be. Certainly not a misfortune, if you should chance to be stranded, as we were, in the ancient town of Salem.

Once there, there were but two things to be thought of—the haunts of Hawthorne and the Salem witches. It would be hard to say with which the place seemed most associated. But Hawthorne, the house in which he was born, the one which was afterward from time to time his home, the Custom-House, "The Scarlet Letter," "The Old Town-Pump," "The House of the Seven Gables"—all these came stronging into one's mind, and took precedence of the *diablerie*, and clearly the first-named was the legitimate starting-point. Accordingly we took our way, as so many have done, to that house in Union Street where the great romancer first saw the light.

The Hawthorne house, where the worthy Captain Nathaniel left his little family when he went to sea, is on a narrow street leading down toward the water—a prosaic kind of street, cheerless by reason of its commonplaceness, and one that would have a depressing influence on such a temperament as Hawthorne's. It was probably inhabited in his childhood by the class of people who make the average in a community; it is very quiet, too quiet, and must have always been very much as now, except that it has settled more and more into a state of grayness and passivity. One standing on that door-stone, and looking across and up and down, sees nothing in any way attractive, unless it be the large gabled house which faces the head of the street, and the masts of vessels above the roofs at the lower end; and it is easy enough to understand why the precocious, large-brained, melancholy-eyed child, with the quaint name, who used to come out and sit on the threshold, should have grown up a student of men and women rather than of Nature, analyzing human moods and motives rather than taking delight in outward aspects of wood, and sea, and sky. There was nothing fair and gracious in his immediate surroundings, and of necessity he became introspective. The houses open directly on the street, having no yard in front, no space for vines or flower-borders, no trees worth naming, and no room for gardens unless within a scant place hidden by the high fences. His own is no exception; there is just a bit of ground at one side, and a tiny court at the back, the only greenery of which is a solitary peach-tree.

The house itself is superior to most of those on the street. It is two stories high, with a high roof, and great, square chimney in the centre. The present occupants are three or four families of decent Irish, who take pleasure in showing the rooms, which are low-posted, with beams crossing the ceiling overhead, after the old style. Two small parlors at the front are separated by a little entry-way, which leads to similar rooms above

a narrow staircase, so narrow and with steps of such a shape, diminishing fan-like at one side, that in descending one is liable to slip off and come thumping down from one landing to another.

There is a singular cupboard or closet in one apartment, having steps in it, the floor of which is breast-high, so that one could sit there as in a capacious seat; and there is a remarkable arrangement of fireplaces all across the corners of their respective rooms, so that if the partition-walls were to be taken down they would be found to fit round the chimney as triangular pieces do round the central square in a patchwork-quilt. In the back-chamber at the left, the two windows of which look down into the cheerless back-yard, Hawthorne first opened his eyes to the light on the 4th of July, seventy-one years ago.

That he had no joyous remembrances of this house his own records in his "Note-Book" abundantly show. One brief item in 1836 reads thus: "In this dismal chamber Fame was won (Salem, Union Street);" and in 1840, still brooding over the long delays that had attended his recognition as an author, he writes: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by . . . If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, or at least till I were in my grave."

The house of his mother's family, to which they removed after his father was lost at sea, known as the Manning Place, is on the next street, running parallel with it, and the gardens join. He lived there many years, there spent his college vacations, and to it returned, even after his marriage, making it his frequent abode for longer or shorter intervals, and there a good deal of his earlier writing was done. His special study was up in the third story, in the most secluded part, as suited his habits, in a back-chamber, the window of which on the one side looked down into the little room where he was born and the dismal court below, on the other off over the distant tree-tops to the promontory of Marblehead.

The street is broader than the other, and the mansion was once a fine one, with two fronts, so to speak; one opening into a garden roomy enough for flower-borders and shrubbery, and where one family of the many that now tenant it have scarlet-runners and morning-glories, adding an element of glowing color to a place which, but for that, would be altogether dreary with the ashen grayness of age and neglect. The gabled end is on the street, and this house, like the other, is close upon the sidewalk. The lower front-rooms have the appearance of having been at some time used for a store, and the wide, formidable double doors show immense staples for bar and padlock and strong iron cleats. There are the remains of a ponderous knock-

er, such a one as Hawthorne speaks of as "the iron hammer," summoning those within; he further describes such a building as this, "the timber frame of solid oak and chimney, with flues large enough for the witches to fly out, round which the community of gables centred." It has been intimated that this was the very "House of the Seven Gables," counting in the gabled doors to make up the magic number, but there is no certainty that the author had any one special house in view, so many quaint and ancient ones being familiar to him that he needed only to draw slightly on his imagination for the materials of his famous Pynchon Mansion. He evidently clung to this quarter of his native town, with which he must always be more especially associated. His name, cut with a diamond on the glass, is to be seen in one of the windows; and the name could be read, with the date of the building of the house, on a stone at the door, until the accumulation of dust or wear of time made it illegible.

The building, however, with which he is most intimately identified, far more even than with the houses which he lived in, is the Custom-House, which is close by, not far from the foot of these streets. On the way thither one comes upon an old pump, which looks aged enough to be the veritable original of his charming essay. As it is one—of the only two remaining—of the pumps anciently established in every ward, the presumption is that a description of this particular one answers for Hawthorne's pump, seeing that they were all alike. It is large enough for a mausoleum, and looks not unlike one, made of slabs of dingy stone, like stained, gray gravestones, set up on one end, in a square at the foundation, but all inclining inward at the top, where they are kept in position by a band of iron. A decaying segment of log appears, in which the pump-handle works—in vain now, however, since, being long out of use, it has no connection with the water below; on the front side are two circular holes, like a pair of great eyes, made in the stone for the insertion of the spouts; and, finally, a long-handled iron dish, like a saucier or warming-pan on a smaller scale, is attached by an iron chain to the stone by way of drinking-vessel. Altogether, though it may not strike an old Salem resident, in that way, it seems to the stranger a very unique, antiquated, and remarkable structure.

Hawthorne minutely depicts the Custom-House—brick edifice, fronted by a portico, beneath which twelve steps of granite lead to the street; it faces the dilapidated wharf, where, in the days of Salem's commercial glory, the East-India merchants used to congregate, watching the incoming and unloading of argosies freighted with treasures from the other hemisphere. Above the entrance is the "enormous specimen of the American eagle, with outspread wings," which bird has been dazzlingly regilded, so that its burnishing makes what he calls its "truculent" attitude more apparent.

Changes have come to the interior since Hawthorne described it. For the shaky, old-fashioned chairs in the front-entry, in which,

"tipped on their hind-legs against the wall," the venerable officials used to sit and doze in the summer-time, have been substituted elegant, modern arm-chairs. The room at the left, where he, the "Locofoco surveyor," as he calls himself, sat, an unwilling habitant of the fifteen square feet of space which he used to pace back and forth with something of the restlessness of a caged animal, is no longer "cobwebbed and dingy with old paint," but refurnished and refitted; instead of the gray sand over the floor, a carpet; the rickety chairs and three-legged stool have been banished to the limbo of dilapidated wares; but the pine desk, over which the romancer spent so many unwilling hours, has been given by the Custom-House authorities to the Institute of his town, and it may be seen in the edifice where are preserved the very treasures that Hawthorne described forty years ago, such as the portraits and some of the garments of such worthies as Governor Leverett and Sir William Pepperell, Bradstreet, the Olivers, Endicotts, and Pynchons; and in the rear of which building, those conservatives of old-time things, the honored members of the society, have caused to be set up an exact model, as to size, architecture, and all, even to the little diamond-pane windows, of the church in which Roger Williams preached.

The prospect from the windows of Hawthorne's office-room is not so very dreary as he would have us think—the discontent of his own feelings must have given sombreness to what, seen on a bright, sunshiny, August day, was pleasing enough to our eyes. One looked up one of the most aristocratic streets of Salem, as aristocracy had its quarters some two hundred years ago, and the "scent of the roses" still hangs round the grand old gardens and terraced walks of some of those whilom princely residences; the other fronts on Derby Wharf—built long ago, and named for the Derby family—with its row of sail-lofts extending its whole length. Besides this, he had the open harbor, with the shifting beauty of the water, and beyond, the high land of Marblehead.

It was in the front-room on the right, on the floor above, where, "poking" among the documents which filled some barrels and were piled up on the floor, Hawthorne found, on one rainy day, the scarlet letter cut from the red cloth, all embroidered with gold needle-work, and the package which contained the records about Hester Prynne. It was then a lumber-room, unpainted and unplastered, dim, dusty, cobwebbed, and littered, but is now handsomely finished and fitted up for special meetings, and adorned with two pictures—one a portrait of Joseph Hiller, first Collector of Salem under the new constitution, the other that of General Miller, of Lundy's Lane fame—the man who said "I'll try, sir"—who was given the collectorship in 1825, and was in position there when Hawthorne had his surveyorship. The great writer pays a tribute to the great hero, too feeble then to come up the steps without assistance, but as faithful in this peaceful service as he had been in the warlike—a sincere, upright, simple-souled, straightforward man.

Hawthorne in the Custom-House grew morbid. "My imagination," he says, "was a tarnished mirror—it would not reflect, or only with miserable dimness, the figures with which I did my best to people it. . . . An entire class of susceptibilities and a gift connected with them—of no great richness or value, but the best I had—was gone from me."

Not so, however, as "The Scarlet Letter" and other works, and more genial moods, proved. Wherever he went he came back to Salem, "like the bad half-penny," he said—Fate took him back. But we cannot help believing that he had a fondness for the old town, though, in perverse humor, he does, with a kind of grim exaggeration, speak of its "flat, unvaried surface" and wooden houses, saying that its "irregularity was neither picturesque nor quaint, but only tame"—a "long and lazy street, with Gallows Hill at one end, and the almshouse at the other."

Salem keeps his memory green, and is proud of the immortality he has given her; and visitors from our own and other lands make pilgrimages to his homes and haunts, and leave their little tributes to his genius, a laurel-leaf, perhaps, or a more sombre, a quainter, odder token, for him most apt—"rosemary"—

"That's for remembrance."

A. B. HARRIS.

TIGER-HUNTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.

II.

THE sportsman will not be long under the guidance of the village shikari before he comes on tracks of tigers. Where one or more have been living some time in the neighborhood, footprints of many dates will be found in the sandy bed of almost every nullah. The history and habits of the tigers will generally ooze out of the local hunter at the sight of these marks. When the fresh tracks of the previous night are found, his impassive features will be lighted into interest, and, as he follows the trail with the end of his gun, his speech will be low and hurried from suppressed excitement. There is little chance, however, of coming on the brute himself at that early hour. He is probably lying somewhere on an elevated place commanding the approaches to his favorite lair, sunning himself in the soft morning light, and watching against the approach of danger, until the growing heat about ten o'clock shall have extinguished all signs of movement in the neighborhood, when he will creep down into some shady nook by the water, and, after a roll in the wet sand, proceed to sleep off the effects of his midnight gorge. Sometimes, however, if the sportsman be out early enough, he will find, from the cries of animals, that the tiger is moving not far ahead of him, and he may then, by cutting him off, even obtain a shot.

On one occasion, I followed a tiger in the early morning for several miles up the bed of a stream, entirely by the demonstrations

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of the large Hanúmán monkey, of which there were numbers on the banks feeding on wild fruits. As the tiger passed below them the monkeys fled to the nearest trees, and, climbing to the highest branches, shook them violently and poured forth a torrent of abuse,* that could be heard a mile away. Each group of them continued to swear at him till he passed out of sight, and they saw their friends farther on take up the chorus in the tops of their trees, when they calmly came down again and began to stuff their cheeks full of berries, as if nothing had happened.

I think it is the pranks of juvenile tigers, rather than the serious enmity of old ones, that cause such a terror of them to exist among the monkey community. The natives say that the tigress teaches her cubs to stalk and hunt by practising on monkeys and peafowl. The gorgeous plumage of the latter, scattered about in a thousand radiant fragments, often marks the spot where a peacock has thus fallen victim to these ready learners, but the remains of a monkey are seldom or never seen. Indeed, these sagacious Simians rarely venture to come down to the ground when young tigers are about, though this sign is not always to be relied on as denoting the absence of tigers. I thought so for a long time, till one day in the Bétul country, in 1863, after hunting long in the heat of a May day for a couple of tigers whose marks were plentiful all about, we came up to a small pool of water at the head of a ravine, and saw the last chance of finding them vanish, as I thought, when a troop of monkeys were found quietly sitting on the rocks and drinking at the water. I was carelessly descending to look for prints, with my rifle reversed over my shoulder, and another step or two would have brought me to the bottom of the ravine, when the monkeys scurried with a shriek up the bank, and the head and shoulders of a large tiger appeared from behind a bowlder, and stared at me across the short interval. I was meditating whether to fire or retreat, when, almost from below my feet, the other tiger bounded out with a terrific roar, and they both made off down the ravine. I was too much astonished to obtain a steady shot, and I was by that time too well acquainted with tiger-shooting to risk an uncertain one, so they escaped for the time. I quickly regained my elephant, which was standing above, and followed them up. It was exceedingly hot, and we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when I saw one of the tigers crouched under a bush on the bank of the ravine. I got a steady shot from the *howdah*, and fired a three-ounce shell at his broad forehead at about thirty yards. No result. It was most curious, and I paused to look; but never a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot. I then went round a quarter of a circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, looking intently in the same direction. I marched up, rifle on full cock, growing more and more amazed—but the tiger never moved. Could he be dead? I went round to his rear and

approached close up from that direction. He never stirred. Then I made the elephant kick him, and he fell over. He was stone-dead—converted, without the movement of a hair, into a statue of himself by the bursting of the large shell in his brain. It had struck him full in the centre of the forehead. We then went on with the track of the other. It led down into the Móran River, on the steep bank of which there was a thick cover of jáman-bushes, in which the tiger was sure to stop. I had just before come through it, and found the place as full of tracks as a rabbit-warren. Having a spare pad-elephant out that day, I sent her round to keep down the bottom of the bank and mark, while I pushed my own elephant—Futteh Ráni (Queen of Victory)—through the cover. About the centre I came on the tiger, crouched like the other, with his massive head rested on his forepaws, the drawn-up hind-quarters and slightly-switching tail showing that he meant mischief. At the first shot, which struck him on the point of the shoulder, he bounded out at me; but the left barrel caught him in the back before he had come many yards and broke it, when he rolled down right to the bottom of the bank, and fell, roaring horribly, right between the forelegs of the elephant.

On another occasion I was much struck with the caution of the monkeys under very trying circumstances. In May, 1864, I had tracked a man-eating tigress into a deep ravine near the village of Pálí in the Seóní district. She was not quite a confirmed man-eater, but had killed nine or ten persons in the preceding few months. She had a cub of about six months old with her, and it was when this cub was very young and unable to move about that want of other game had driven her to kill her first human prey. I knew when I entered the ravine that this was her regular haunt; for, though every bush outside had been stripped of its berries by a colony of monkeys, I saw them perched on the rocks above the ravine wistfully looking down on the bushes at the bottom, which had strewed the ground with their ripened fruit. They accompanied me along the ravine on the top of the rocks, as if perfectly knowing the value of their assistance in getting the tigress—and better marksmen I never had. I should probably have passed out at the top without seeing her, as she was lying close under a shelving bank, but for the profane language of an ancient, gray-bearded Hanúmán, who posted himself right above her, and swore away until he fairly turned her out of her comfortable berth. The excitement of the monkeys soon told me she was on the move; and presently I saw her round face looking at me from behind a tree with a forked trunk, through the cleft of which I caught sight of about a square foot of her striped hide. It seemed about the right place, so covering it carefully I put in a shell at about forty yards, and she collapsed there and then, forming a beautiful spread-eagle in the bottom of the nála. The youngster now started out, roaring as if he were the biggest tiger in the country; and, though I fired a couple of snap-shots at him as he galloped through some thick bushes, I could not stop

him. It is important to extinguish a brute, however young, who has once tasted human flesh; and I followed him till it grew nearly dark, when I returned to the ravine to take home the tigress, and there I found my monkey friends tucking into the berries in all directions, and hopping about close to the body of the dead tigress. The cub was met, much exhausted with its run, by a gang of wood-cutters, and killed with their axes.

The barking of deer, and the alarm-cry of peafowl, frequently indicate the movements of a tiger. The sámbar, the spotted deer, the barking deer, and the little four-horned antelope, all "bark" violently at a tiger suddenly appearing in the daytime. In April, 1865, having marched nearly a thousand miles exploring in the forests, almost without firing a shot, I halted to hunt a very large cattle-eating tiger near Chándvél in the Nimár district. This animal was believed by the cowherds to have killed more than a thousand head of cattle; and one of the best grazing-grounds in all that country had been quite abandoned by them in consequence. His haunts lay in a net-work of ravines that lead down to the Narbadá River—now included in the Ponásá Reserved Forest, which I was then exploring. The herds of cattle having been withdrawn from the grassy glades on the banks of the Narbadá, where he usually preyed on them, he had lately been coming out into the open country, and had been heard for several nights roaming round about the village of Chándvél on the edge of the forest. I found his tracks within a hundred yards of the buffalo-pens of the village the morning I arrived; and a few nights before he had broken into a Banjárá encampment a little way off, and killed and dragged away a heifer, which he ate within hearing-distance of the encampment, charging through the darkness, and driving back the Banjáras and their dogs when they tried to interrupt him. I picketed a juicy young buffalo for him the night I arrived, about half a mile from the village where his tracks showed he regularly passed at night. Next morning it was found to have been killed and dragged away about a hundred yards to a small, dry water-course; and, after having been cleaned as scientifically as any butcher could have done it, all eaten up but the head, skin, feet, and one fore-quarter. If his footprints had not already shown him to be an unusually large tiger, this feat of gormandizing would have sufficiently done so. We started about ten o'clock on his trail. It was the 12th of April, and a hotter day I never remember. Long before mid-day the little band of cowherds and shikáris who accompanied me had most of their wardrobes bound round their heads to keep off the sun; and I looked for tussle with such a heavy old tiger, long accustomed to drive off the people he met, if we found him well gorged on such a grilling day as this. We took the track down fully five miles till it entered a long, narrow ravine with pools of water at the bottom, and shaded over with a thick cover of trees and bushes. We could not go into so narrow a place to beat him out with an elephant; and after much deliberation we decided to have a pad elephant at the head of

* The voice of the monkeys on such occasions is quite different from their ordinary cry. It is a hoarse, barking roar, something like that of the tiger. Is it the first beginning of imitative language?

the ravine, and post the people we had with us on the trees round about to mark, while I went down to the other end and quietly stalked along the top of the bank on the chance of finding him asleep below. There never was such a beautiful retreat for a tiger, I think. In many places I could not see through the dense shade at the bottom, and several times had to fling down stones to assure myself whether some indistinct flickering object were the tiger or not. I was proceeding quietly along, probing the ravine in this fashion, when the pad elephant we had left at the farther end gave one of those tremendous screams that an untrained elephant sometimes emits when suddenly put in pain. She had stumbled over a stone when swinging about in their impatient fashion. There was little chance of finding the tiger undisturbed after this, and I had only to stand and watch for a chance of his coming down the ravine on being seen by the scouts on the trees. The first intimation I had of his presence was from a couple of peafowl that scuttled out of a little ravine on the opposite side; and then I saw the tiger picking his way stealthily up the face of a precipitous bank, where I could hardly think a goat would have found footing. He was about a hundred and fifty yards from my rifle; and the first bullet only knocked some earth from the bank below him. When I fired the other he was just topping the bank, and clung for a second as if he would have come over backward, but by an effort recovered himself and disappeared over the top. Running to a higher piece of ground, I saw him trotting sullenly across the burnt plain, and looming as large to the eye as a bull-buffalo. He certainly looked a very mighty beast; but he was a craven at heart, or he would never have left such a stronghold to face the fearful, waterless, burnt-up country he did. I lost no time in getting round the head of the ravine and giving chase on the elephant. His tracks in the ashes of the burnt grass were clear enough, and we followed him for about two miles, sighting him on ahead every now and then, till he disappeared in a little ravine, and we lost the track in its bare rocky bottom. I was going along the bank, with the other elephant in the bottom of the ravine, when I heard the bark of a sambhar to my left on some high ground, and, urging Futteh Ráñi at her best pace in that direction, shortly came on the tiger slouching across the open plain — evidently suffering from a wound, with his tongue hanging out, and wearing altogether a most woe-begone look. He made an effort when he saw me, and galloped a hundred yards or so into a patch of bamboo-jungle. I knew from the local shikári that he was making for a water-hole about half a mile ahead, and cut across with the elephant to intercept him. I had the pace of him now, and got clean between him and his water. I never saw such an air of disgust worn by any animal as that tiger had when he came down the hill and saw the elephant standing right in front of him. He said, as plainly as possible, "Come what will, I don't mean to run another yard; and it won't be the better for anybody that tries to make me." So he lay down behind a large anjan-

tree, showing nothing but one eye and an ear round the side of it. I marched up within fifty yards, and now saw the switching end of a tail added to the eye and ear. I could not fire at him thus, and therefore sidled round till I saw his shoulder. He saw the opening thus left, and eyed it wistfully, as if he would rather escape that way, if he could, than fight it out. But I planted a ball in his shoulder before he had time to make up his mind; on which he rose with a languid roar, and lumbered slowly down the hill at the elephant. So slowly! He actually hadn't steam left in him to get up a proper charge when he tried. A right-and-left stopped him at once, and another ball in the ear settled him; and then Futteh went up and kicked him, and it was all over. He was a very large tiger, measuring ten feet one inch in length as he lay, and was a perfect mountain of fat—the fat of a thousand kine, as the cowherds lugubriously remarked when they came up. He had a perfect skin, clear red and white, with the fine double stripes and W-mark on the head, and long whiskers, which add so greatly to the beauty of a tiger-trophy. The whole of the pads of his feet were blisters off on the hot rocks he had been traversing, and his tongue was swollen and blue. We were nearly dead ourselves, and went down to the water he had been making for, while a messenger went to the village for more men—the dozen lusty cattle-herds and my own men together being totally unable to put him on the pad-elephant to carry home. An ordinary tiger will weigh about four hundred and fifty or five hundred pounds, but this beef-fed monster must have touched seven hundred pounds at least; and a tiger, from his length and suppleness, is a very awkward object to lift off the ground.

I have said that ten feet one inch is the length of an unusually large tiger. The average length from nose to tip of tail is only nine feet six inches for a full-grown male, and for a tigress about eight feet four inches. The experience of all sportsmen I have met with, whose accuracy I can rely on, is the same; and it will certainly be found, when much greater measurements than this are recorded, that they have either been taken from stretched skins or else in a very careless fashion. The skin of a ten-feet tiger will easily stretch to thirteen or fourteen feet, if required; and if natives are allowed to use the tape, they are certain to throw in a foot or two "to please master." Master also, no doubt, pleases himself in a similar manner. A well-known sportsman and writer, whose recorded measurements have done more to extend the size of the tiger than any thing else, informed me himself that all his measurements were taken from flat skins. But the British public demands twelve-feet tigers, just as it refuses to accept an Indian landscape without palm-trees. So a suppressio veri went forth; and not only that, but his picture of a dead tiger being carried into camp was improved by a few feet being added to the length of the beast, while, to make room for it, the most of the bearers were wiped out, leaving about four men only to carry a tiger at least fifteen feet long! *Populus vult decipi*, etc.

Sporting-stories are apt to breed each other, incident leading on to incident, so that I find I have already killed some five or six tigers, while yet only on the threshold of my subject—discoursing of the preliminary exploration of the tiger's haunts. I have little more to say on that matter, however, the sum of it all being that every information regarding the tiger's country, the route he usually takes from one haunt to another, the points where he may be most easily intercepted or come upon unawares, good points for scouts, etc., must be obtained. Places must also be fixed on for tying out baits for him at night. He must be induced, if possible, to kill a buffalo or an ox so tied out; and it must be in such a position that he can be easily tracked from there to one of his usual haunts.

It may seem cruel thus to bait for a tiger with a live animal, but there is no doubt that the death of a tiger saves much more suffering than is caused to the single animal sacrificed to effect it. A natural kill will not do well for many reasons. It will probably not be discovered in time to hunt the next day, and the day after it would be useless. Further, it would seldom be conveniently situated with respect to some haunt of the tiger favorable for finding him in, and the whole day might be lost in trying to find him in wrong places. In fine, experience shows that no bag can ever be made worth speaking of without tying out baits. I usually purchased at the commencement of the season a dozen or fifteen half-grown buffaloes, these being the cheapest as well as the most readily killed by tigers. A thin old brute of an ox, or a tough, full-grown buffalo, a well-fed tiger will scorn to touch, and often in the morning his footprints will be found all round such a bait, which he has come and smelt, and (metaphorically) poked in the ribs, and left untouched. But a tender, juicy young buff, of about three and a half feet high, would tempt the most *blasé* of tigers to a meal. The cowherds, being good Hindoos, will not sell cattle avowedly to be tied up for tigers; nor will your Hindoo shikáris tie them up with their own hands, though few will object to superintend the operation. The flimsiest disguise is, however, sufficient to quiet the consciences of the cattle-men, who will sell a herd of young buffaloes in open market to your Mohammedan shikári dressed up as a trader in kine, though they may have known him for a bloody-minded baiter for tigers all their lives. I remember being very hard up for a bait once in the Nimár district, having come to a place where tigers were very destructive when I had none of my own. All I could say would not induce the gaolies (cow-keepers) of the place to sell me a single head during the daytime, the owner of the village being a Baghél Rájpút, a clan which claims descent from a royal tiger, and protects the species whenever it can. I was standing outside my tent in the evening when the village cattle were being driven in, having given up all idea of halting for the tigers another day, when a fine, tall young gaoli stepped up with a salam and said: "Sahib, I have lost a very fine young buffalo in the jungle, and it will very probably be snapped up by the

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tigers; but, if you would send some one along that road, perhaps he might find it, and we will be pleased if your highness will keep it, as you are going away from this to-morrow." He grinned a broad grin as he finished, and I spotted his game; so, sending along the lâllâ about a quarter of a mile, we found a very sufficient young wall-eyed buffalo tied by a piece of straw-rope to a little tree! We had barely time to get the little brute put out in a proper place before night-fall; but he was duly taken, and we shot a fine tigress, and wounded and lost a tiger, the next day.

The morning after the baits have been laid out a shikâr should go to see the result, untying and bringing in those that have not been taken, and following up the tracks from any that have, so far as to ascertain fully whereabouts the tiger is likely to be found later in the day. I have mentioned above the lâllâ, and that brings me to the subject of nikkârs. A really first-class tiger-shikâr is extremely rare. The combination of qualities required to make him is seldom found in a native. I shall best explain what he should be by describing the lâllâ: And first as to his name. Lâllâ means in Upper India a clerk of the Kâyat caste, to which our friend belonged; so that, though utterly ignorant of all letters save those imprinted on a sandy ravine-bed by a tiger's paw, he was nicknamed the lâllâ by the people, and thereupon his real name disappeared forever; and, when he was afterward killed by a tiger, no one had any idea what it was. He was a little, wee man, so insignificant and so dried and shriveled up that, as he used to say, "No tiger would ever think of eating *me!*" His early days had been passed in catching and training falcons for the nobles of Upper India, and in shooting birds for sale in the market. He had come down to Central India to make a bag of blue rollers and kingfishers, whose feathers are so much valued in the countries to the east for fancy-work, when he was caught, nobody knows how, by a gentleman with a taste for bird-stuffing, from whom he passed into the possession of a sportsman who put him on tigers, and eventually he came to me with a little experience of the business. His early training had made him exceedingly keen of eyesight and in reading the signs of the forest; while in his many wanderings he had accumulated a store of legends of demons and devilry, and a wild jumble of Hindoo mythology that never failed, when retailed over a fire at night to a circle of gaping cowherds and village shikârs, to unlock every secret of the neighborhood in the matter of tigers. Such an oily cozenor of reticent gôndas never existed. Then, miserable as he looked, he could walk about all day and every day for a week in a broiling sun, hunting up tracks, with nothing but the thinnest of muslin skull-caps on his hard nut of a head, and would fearlessly penetrate into the very lair of a tiger perfectly unarmed. He had a particular beaming look which he always wore on his ugly face when he had actually seen or, as he said, "salamed to" a tiger comfortably disposed of for the day; and in late years, when I had to leave all the arrangements to him, I hardly

recollect ever going out when he reported the "find" a likely one without at least seeing the game. He could shoot a little—say a pot-shot at a bird on a branch at twenty paces—and kept guns, etc., in beautiful order. But he soon came to utterly despise and contemn every thing except tiger-hunting, for which he had, I believe, really an absorbing passion. Even bison-hunting he looked down on as sport not fit for a gentleman to pursue. For ten months in the year he moped about, looking utterly wretched, and taking no interest in any thing but the elephant and rifles; and woke up again only on the 1st of April, opposite which date "Tiger-shooting commences" will be entered in the Indian almanac of the future, when the royal animal shall be preserved in the reserved forests of Central India to furnish sport for the nobility of the land!

Poor old lâllâ! He fell a victim in the end to contempt of tigers, bred of undue familiarity. I was very ill with fever in the June of 1866, and meditating a trip home, and had sent out the lâllâ with a double gun to shoot some birds for their feathers with a view to salmon-fleas. He came upon the tracks of a tiger, and, contrary to all orders, tied out a calf at night as a bait, and sat over it in a tree with the gun. The tigress came and received his bullet in the thigh, going off wounded into a very thick cover in the bed of a river. The plucky but foolish lâllâ followed her in there the next morning by the blood; but soon found that tracking up a wounded tiger with a gun is a very different thing from following about uninjured tigers without intent to disturb them. Before he had gone a dozen paces the tigress was upon him, his unfired gun dashed from his hands and buried for half its length in the sand, his turban cuffed from his head to the top of a high tree by a stroke of her paw that narrowly missed his head, and himself down below the furious beast, and being slowly chewed from shoulder to ankle. He was brought in a dozen miles to Khandwâ, where I was, by some men who had gone in for him when the tigress left him. The fire of delirium was then in his eye, and he raved of the tiger's form passing before him, red and bloody. But he recognized me when I came to him, and conjured me to go out forthwith and bring in her body next day if I wished to see him alive. I knew that the natives have a superstition to this effect; and, though I was then in a high fever, I sent off my elephant at midnight to a village near the spot, following myself on horseback at day-break. Much rain had fallen, and all old tracks were obliterated. The jungle was also very green and thick, and I spent the whole day till the afternoon, hunting, as I afterward found, in a wrong direction. At last I came on a fresh trail, with one hind-foot dragging in the sand, and then I knew I was near the savage brute. We ran it up to a dense jáman-cover in the river-bed, and I had barely time to get the people on foot safely up trees when the tigress came at me in the most determined manner. She looked just like a huge cat that had been hunted by dogs—her fur all bedraggled and standing on end, eyes glaring with fury, and emitting the

hoarse coughing roar of a charging tiger that no one, to the very close of his tiger-shooting, hears without a certain quickening of the blood. The first two shots hit fair, but did not stop her; and she was not more than a few yards from the elephant's trunk when the third ball caught her clean in the mouth, knocking out one of her canine teeth and passing down the throat into the chest. She could do no more, but lay roaring and worrying her own paws till I put an end to her with another shot in the head. She was a lean greyhound-made brute, scarcely bigger than a panther. The lâllâ was avenged—but the poor fellow was beyond any help that the sight of his enemy might have afforded him: and notwithstanding every care—for he was the favorite of everybody who knew him—he sank under the exhausting drain of so many fearful wounds.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

"I LOVE you, I love you," the fond wave sang,

As she crept to the garment's hem
Of the lordly hill, where her wistful tears
Were gemming it gem on gem.

"I love you, I love you, oh, lift me up
To your place in the sunlit air;
Or bend, if you will, your face to mine,
Till I touch your golden hair.

"Nay, nay, fair wave, yet ever be sure
Your song is as sweet as can be;
It toucheth me even as toucheth the wind,
Whose harp maketh music for me."

"The wind, the wind," said the murmuring wave,
"The wind is not constant a day;

It blows where it listeth, while I, O Hill,
Am faithful for aye and aye."

"The wind and the sun and the rain,"
quoth he,
"Are friends, who my verdure renew;
But you, little wave, with your softest caress,
What is there you can help me to do?

"Ah, nothing," she sighed, "but to love
and to lave
Your feet with my kisses and tears;
Only this have I done through the centuries
past,
Only this can I do through the years."

"O wave, keep your tenderness all for the
sea—
I have work which you know not to do:
You cannot mount up to the stars with me,
And I may not come down to you."

But Love has no choice; and the constant
wave,
A worshiper early and late,
Still kisses the hem of his ever-green robe,
And whispers in patience, "I wait."

MARY B. DODER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE London *Times*, in an article upon Cardinal McCloskey's visit to Rome, the general tenor of which cannot be complained of, takes occasion to repeat an opinion about American culture which is very generally entertained abroad. "In a democratic community," it remarks, "the baldness of life becomes very apparent to the rich and idle, and, as social distinctions are few and uncertain, the attractions of a creed which carefully cultivates the aesthetic side of religion, and which claims the inheritance of a grand historical tradition, are almost irresistible to a large class of minds." In every society there are those "faint hearts and feeble wings that every sophister can lime," and in America, where, in spite of the diffusion of elementary education, a high and thoughtful culture is rare, the same influences which here tempt many to the distractions of realistic vanities, or even across the borderland, are very potent with a certain superfine class who would gladly ape the externals of an aristocracy." The italics in this extract are our own. We may as well mention here that the *Times* article concludes by asserting that the Roman Church can never become a dominant influence in America, inasmuch as the forces that she wields are confronted by something greater, healthier, and more enduring—the strength of manly and intelligent individuality, nowhere wanting among men of English blood.

Assenting fully to this utterance, we yet wish to say a word or two as to the nature of American culture, which the *Times* thinks is so rarely "high and thoughtful," and its power as a check to the spread of Romanism. In a certain sense it is no doubt true that "high and thoughtful culture" is rare in America, over-refined and aesthetic dilettantism not being so common with us as in England. In the entire domain of aesthetics, we must yield the palm to England; and those "silent Greeks," too fastidious to enjoy or to perform any thing in literature below classic perfection, are indisputably more abundant there than here. But in speculative reasoning, in inquisitive thought, in taste for science and philosophy, in a culture that takes cognizance of all that is purely intellectual, we do not think our people inferior to any other in the world. All the great writers have constituencies in America equal to those elsewhere; it was here, indeed, that Herbert Spencer found a hearing before he did in his native land; and here the foremost thinkers are never without eager and respectful listeners. If aesthetic culture is rare with us, robust intellectual culture is very far from being so. And the kind of

culture prevalent in America is fully calculated to defeat the hopes of the Roman Church. While ignorance may be held and aesthetic refinement seduced by the splendor and pretensions of this Church, we may be sure that a people trained in philosophical thinking will be the last to give their assent to the domination of an arrogant and prescriptive priesthood. The culture that we possess is, as a whole, peculiarly serviceable to our present needs, and well calculated to guard us against seductive arts and dangerous dominations of all kinds.

SOME of our readers may recall one of *Punch's* society pictures which depicted an English and an American young woman playing billiards, with a legend below which ran, as nearly as we can recollect, as follows: "American girl.—Oh, what a horrid scratch! English girl (much shocked).—You should not talk like that; that's slang; say what a beastly fluke." *Punch*, always so keen, watchful, and truthful, never sent an arrow more directly to the mark than in this instance. The sensitiveness of our English friends in regard to American slang and American manners would entitle them to admiration were they not all the time the most obtuse people in the world to their own errors and shortcomings of the same nature. Wholly satisfied with their own mode of saying and doing things, they seem to have set their hearts upon exposing our social deficiencies and upon trying—we suppose this must be their object—to reform them. The latest showing up we have is in the current number of *Temple Bar*, where we learn in a story how one Smith fell in love with "a beautiful Yankee," and how this fascinating young person talked and conducted herself. The hero first sees our countrywoman at the *table d'hôte* at Trouville, and is immediately struck with her exquisite beauty and faultless dressing, and watches eagerly for her to speak, to hear the words "ripple out of those coral lips," and is astonished, when she does speak, that, instead of the words "rippling through the little coral lips, they descend unmistakably through her chiseled nostrils." After the accomplishment of this wonderful feat, the "beautiful Yankee" astonishes our hero by sundry strange utterances—talking about her mother being "real sick," asserting that Trouville is a "right elegant place, and the company most refined," declaring she is "passionately fond" of dancing, notwithstanding all of which Mr. Smith, still fascinated, seeks an acquaintance with the queer-speaking lady. Then follows a flirtation, of course. It is true the charming Yankee pronounces Europe "Yrrup," America "Amurrica," and Paris "Parris;" is invited to dance, and talks about the "Boston slow," the "New York slide," the "Saratoga

swoop," and says to her partner, "I reckon if you don't squeeze me tighter, Mr. Smith, I shall slide;" talks about "a piggy young lady"—but here we have made a blunder; a second look shows us that it is not the Yankee that talks about "a piggy young lady," but one of the immaculate Englishmen of the story, who, in referring to the fact that our Yankee Venus is the daughter of a pork-merchant, thus characterizes her; and of course English slang, "you know," is quite right and proper, "you know"—orders her partner "to keep his pecker up"—but this again is distinctly English slang, although put in the mouth of a Yankee—and so on. Our smitten Mr. Smith is dazzled by the beauty and strange sayings of his divinity, but doesn't win her. Queer and vulgar as the daughter of the pork-merchant is, Mr. Smith is not alone in his admiration, his making the seventeenth proposal she had received that year alone, the sixty-ninth being the grand total! It is refreshing to know that a pretty American woman can make so many conquests, notwithstanding the drawback of vulgarity and slang. It would not be a bad idea for some of our story-writers to amplify the idea in the *Punch* anecdote with which we began this paragraph, and write a story in which the slang and manners of an English young woman shall be set "cheek by jowl" with the slang and manners of an American. It is only in this way that people on both sides of the Atlantic can be brought to see themselves as others see them.

THE social reformer must have more courage than the political, since society is, after all, a tyrant more severe than what we are pleased to call "political principles." The bravery of Mrs. Crawshay, an English lady with a very revolutionary idea, is, for instance, worthy of our admiration. She is bold enough to make a proposition which runs counter to the tenor of all the traditions and customs of English society. Looking abroad over the country, her philanthropic heart is distressed to see so many "gentlewomen born" in an impecunious and needy condition. The inexorable code of society compels them to sit idle with folded hands, to become objects of polite charity on the part of family friends and distant relations, and thus to pass useless lives, a burden both to themselves and to others. Why not, asks truly chivalrous Mrs. Crawshay, defy social considerations, and become "domestic helps?" Why not "go into service," make up beds and dust drawing-rooms, wash dishes and sweep carpets—nay, why not preside over the concoction and serving up of well-cooked dishes in rich and aristocratic mansions? We can fancy the shock which this

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proposition must give the sedate but penniless English maiden of good birth, and fear that Mrs. Crawshay will not be very abundantly thanked for her suggestion by the class for whose benefit she has imagined it. Like many enthusiasts with the best intentions, it is to be feared that Mrs. Crawshay very much under-estimates the difficulties in the way of thus creating a new avocation for female gentility out at elbows. When the ideas of birth and rank which prevail in England, and particularly among Englishwomen, are considered, the plan must be dismissed as hopeless. It must occur to the practical mind that to call a "lady born" to account for a badly-swept room or an over-cooked steak were a task full of stormy probabilities; nor can we imagine any one more to be pitied than that "master of the house" who should be called upon to "give notice" to a pretty, well-bred creature, the daughter of a country rector, who bent her neck too stiffly to the yoke of his spouse. It is ungracious, perhaps, to deprive Mrs. Crawshay of what little encouragement she may have derived from the assurance of a London paper that it is the customary thing for "a Washington or Saratoga belle," on returning to the "old folks at home," to quietly put off her pride with her silks, and don calico, descend to the murky regions of the kitchen, and, in short, to do the "old folks'" cooking; but, unhappily, we are far from so blissful a Utopian state. According to Mrs. Crawshay's cheerful informant, it has been the habit, "from time immemorial," for American young ladies in good society to do the cooking and house-work for their families. There are, no doubt, evils in the present condition of domestic service in both countries; but we cannot think that Mrs. Crawshay has found a feasible cure for its imperfections. After all, many employments have become open to "gentlewomen born" within recent years, and proper spheres for their labor and usefulness are coming into view every day. It is still "respectable" to be a governess or a companion; nor does a lady forfeit respectability by keeping books or copying legal documents; whereas, to become a "menial," to find herself on a par with the butler and the footman, would be a degradation such as most English gentlewomen would rather starve than accept.

It was Juvenal, or some other philosophical ancient, who distinguished man from the brute creation by describing him as a "laughing animal;" and a great deal of speculation has been spent, both in remote and in modern times, on the causes of laughter, from Aristotle to Kant. A living student of races, however, tells us that he has found a human community which does not laugh—a most

melancholy, jokeless, funless people. A recent account of the Veddas, a tribe inhabiting a region in Central Ceylon, is indeed full of interest. That they never laugh or smile, and cannot be made to laugh or smile, is not the least of their peculiarities. The discovery and detailed description of the appearance and habits of the Veddas must be a godsend to Mr. Darwin. Perhaps they are the "missing link" which he has so laboriously sought in vain. They are so very low in the scale of humanity that they nearly resemble the monkeys which share with them their native forests. They mostly roam wild in the woods and jungles. They are dwarfish, with "ape-like thumbs" and long hair. They sleep in caves or roost on the branches of trees; their sustenance consists of honey, lizards, monkeys, and such game as, with exceeding skill, they kill or capture. They neither wash themselves nor can count, and appear to have no memory. Their language is a strange jumble of confused, chattering sounds. They have a religion, but it is of the vaguest and most reasonless kind. It is singular enough that a race so near akin to the brutes should universally practise virtues in which the civilized races are, to speak mildly, somewhat defective; for we are assured that the Veddas "never steal, never lie, and never quarrel!" Though wives are the subjects of barter and sale, constancy to the marriage relation and mutual affection between the parents and the children are observed as existing among them to an extraordinary degree. These, then, must be primitive and instinctive virtues. Though the Veddas laugh not, they cry, and that on easy provocation. Were they supposably capable of philosophizing on the conditions of human existence, they would be regarded as cynical and misanthropic; such views as they take of life appear to be sad and dismal. Thus they are really a most interesting study, and well worthy of Mr. Darwin's serious attention.

In Mrs. Stowe's "We and our Neighbors" occurs the following passage:

"The wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage-bonds in our day come from this dissonance of more developed and more widely-varying natures, and it shows that a large proportion of marriages have been contracted without any advised and rational effort to ascertain whether there was a reasonable foundation for a close and life-long intimacy. It would seem as if the arrangements and customs of modern society did every thing that could be done to render such a previous knowledge impossible. Good sense would say that if men and women are to single each other out, and bind themselves by a solemn oath, forsaking all others, to cleave to each other as long as life should last, there ought to be, before taking vows of such gravity, the very best opportunity to become minutely acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and modes of thought and action."

In those countries where marriages are made with little or no regard to the tastes of the persons most concerned, and where the opportunity to "become acquainted with each other's dispositions, habits, and modes of thought" is never afforded at all, it so happens that "the wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage-bonds" are least known. It is perhaps true that divorce often "comes in our day from the dissonance of more developed and widely-varying natures," but this development is just the thing that it is most difficult to foresee in youth; and we may be sure that young people fascinated with each other are certain to be blind to those seeds of defects and differences that are to ripen into evil and discord. So long as human nature is what it is, men and women really in love, and not making cool calculations as to marriage, will be incapable of studying each other's moods and tempers, at least in their minor manifestations. We doubt, therefore, whether there is much virtue in Mrs. Stowe's panacea. Divorces are sure to be tolerably numerous wherever the means for divorce are easy, inasmuch as a certain proportion of marriages are inevitably unhappy; but the number of divorces is no criterion of the extent of matrimonial infelicity. In one country the dissonance between the parties to the marriage-bond is borne with what patience it can be, inasmuch as there is no relief; in another country the existence of a legal remedy brings the "wail and woe" into public observation. We doubt if any just person, with opportunities for wide and close observation, would say that marriages are really more infelicitous in America than elsewhere.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR having assaulted that pestilence of our railway-cars, the newspaper and lozenge peddler, some one has hastened to the defense of the nuisance by declaring that "Bayard Taylor himself would frown and perhaps rave if he could not buy a paper or a book, if he happened to be without reading-matter in a railway-train." This champion mistakes the matter wholly. It is not a question as to whether provision for the supply of newspapers, books, or refreshments, is to exist for railway travelers, but whether vendors are to be permitted to persecute every person in the car by his rude, unmannerly method of offering his wares. Every station may be furnished with stands for the sale of such articles as may be in demand; or a vendor might be permitted to expose his wares in some part of each train; but the present method of a number of noisy boys ceaselessly promenading the cars, shouting out their wares, thrusting their papers and candy-parcels, without so much as "by your leave," into

everybody's lap, is an unmitigated nuisance, which no traveling public but an American one would tolerate. And pray why should Mr. Taylor or any one else "rave" if he could not obtain reading-matter in a car? Why should he want paper or magazine if every two minutes he must be interrupted in its perusal by troublesome peddlers, and live through his journey ever on the alert to keep his lap clear of articles rudely thrust into it? If every traveler who finds articles of merchandise thrust into his lap without his consent would instantly fling the articles out of the window (very few would object if he threw the vendor after them), this nuisance would soon cease.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
September 20, 1875.

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

DEAR SIR: I have just read, in your issue of the 18th instant, the letter of Professor John Wise, which recalls some incidents of a year ago that might as well be "journalized." It is known to many readers of the JOURNAL that the Franklin Institute, of this city, held one year ago its first exhibition for sixteen years! On this occasion, the Institute had a huge array of managers, embracing many intelligent and thoroughly scientific minds, but, unfortunately, also embracing a few antiquated specimens of the genus "old fossil," who, as is too often the case, held their positions by money-power rather than scientific attainments, and these few constantly nullified the well-studied arrangements of the majority, who were compelled to abandon many projects of interest rather than have a quarrel in the board. Among the most interesting of these projects was an arrangement made with Professor Wise for a series of balloon-ascensions in the interest of science—which ascensions were to be from the roof of the large exhibition building. At an early day, arrangements for the first ascension were completed. An elegant, large balloon, constructed expressly for the occasion, was inflated. About twenty persons, invited guests, reporters, etc., were upon the roof, all of whom were required to man the guys preparatory to "letting go." Two gentlemen, who were to make the ascension with Professor Wise, were seated in the basket, and the professor was adjusting the valve-cord, etc., when suddenly a tumult was heard at the window through which access was had with the roof. A glance in that direction revealed the presence of one of the before-described "managers"—who had arrogated to himself the direction of the exhibition—in the act of throwing a man through the window. He now violently approached the balloon, ordering people off the roof, and abruptly informing "Mister" Wise that "this thing" must stop, that there could be no more balloon-ascensions from this building, etc., etc. The professor gave a contemptuous yet pitying glance at this redoubtable manager of a scientific institution, and quietly gave the word to his friends to "let go," and in a moment was floating gracefully to the skies; and this was the last of the series of ascensions in the cause of science.

I will mention one more incident in which this time-honored institution allowed itself

to be compromised by this individual. The State Fish Commissioners proposed to exhibit the process of artificial hatching of fish, together with a fine display of fish so hatched, and of nearly a dozen varieties of various ages up to three years. A fish-culturist, residing several miles from the city, had volunteered to take charge of the matter during the exhibition (six weeks), and without remuneration—wholly in the interest of science, a sacrifice which he could ill afford, being a poor man—and arrangements had been nearly perfected with the institute to furnish the necessary aquaria, when the matter came to the knowledge of the aforesaid manager, who declared that the matter was illegitimate in such an exhibition, being neither scientific nor mechanical; and he actually bullied the managers into a dismissal of this feature. Numerous operations of this kind caused great discontent, particularly among exhibitors, many of whom have objected to the forthcoming "Centennial" being located here, inasmuch as its principal features are to be scientific and industrial. And this, by-the-way, reminds me that only last week I saw a communication in a prominent New York paper from a well-known writer, saying that the forthcoming exposition was in no wise a national affair. It is to be sincerely hoped that the JOURNAL will assure its readers that, whatever local features may find a lodgment there, the management will be purely national, and that all matters, scientific or useful, will have a fair show, whether aquatic, terrestrial, or aerial.

WAGAUTAH.

Literary.

ONLY a teacher, of course, can pass an authoritative verdict upon a text-book designed primarily for use in schools, such a question being practical rather than literary; so we shall make no attempt here to do more than describe the plan and contents of Dr. Edward S. Morse's "First Book of Zoölogy" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). The feature in which it differs most from ordinary text-books for beginners is that, instead of aiming to give a more or less complete view of systematic zoölogy, thus too often wearying and confusing the minds of those who take up the study for the first time, it endeavors in method to follow the course one naturally pursues when he is led to the study by predisposition, and in scope to cover only a few of the leading groups in the animal kingdom. "The main thing at the outset," says Dr. Morse, "is to teach the pupil how to collect the objects of study; this leads him to observe them in Nature, and here the best part of the lesson is learned: methods of protection for the young, curious habits, modes of fabricating nests, and many little features are here observed which can never be studied from an ordinary collection. Hence, collecting in the field is of paramount importance. Next, the forming of a little collection at home prompts the pupil to seek out certain resemblances among his objects, in order to bring those of a kind together. In this way he is prepared to understand and appreciate methods of classification. Finally, having grasped the leading features of a few groups, he is enabled to comprehend the character of the cognate groups with less dif-

ficulty. Thus, an inland student, having got the typical idea of an insect from the study of a common grasshopper, for example, is much better prepared to understand the general structure of the crustacea, though he may never have seen the few forms peculiar to fresh water. In the same way, after having studied the common earthworm, he can form a better idea of the complicated structure of many marine worms, though these he may never see."

From the abundance of material, and the comparative ease with which the specimens may be preserved for cabinet use, shells and insects have always formed the favorite collections of children; and with these, accordingly, Dr. Morse commences the study of zoölogy. Beginning with such familiar types as the snails, he proceeds upward to clams, mussels, and oysters; then to insects; then to the crustaceans; then to worms; and finally to the family of vertebrates. A couple of chapters on "Natural Groups" and "Classes and Sub-kingsdoms" furnish as much in the way of generalization as the pupil can comprehend at the start. The illustrations in this volume call for special notice. The drawings were in every case made from the animal, expressly for the present work; they are all American, and, with few exceptions, they are entirely new. Each of them, moreover, is made in outline, in order to facilitate their being copied by the pupil—a practice warmly insisted upon by Dr. Morse.

THOUGH Professor Youmans's "Class-Book of Chemistry" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is nominally a new edition of a book published as long ago as 1852, it is in reality a new work—new not merely in the sense of being "revised and enlarged," but as an exposition of the science of chemistry on a basis entirely different from that on which the original work was founded, involving a restatement and readjustment of nearly every proposition. Explaining this point in his preface, Professor Youmans says: "The first edition represented the state of chemistry as it prevailed at the time of publication, and had been long established; but the revised edition (published in 1863), though adhering to the old theories, recognized that they were undergoing important modifications. These modifications have been long in progress, and having at length issued in a new system of chemical doctrine, which has generally been accepted by chemists, it has been adopted in the present volume, and explained and applied as fully as the plan of the work will allow. The present position of the science is, therefore, of special importance in relation to its exposition." At the same time, this position is not the final one of a science which has attained its full development. The new theories mark an important step in the progress of chemistry; they harmonize a wider range of facts, and give us a more consistent philosophy of the subject than the theories they supersede; yet they are far from being complete. And this fact has been kept constantly in mind in the preparation of the "Class-Book." "In this volume," says Professor Youmans, "I have aimed to preserve somewhat the transitional

aspect Chemi ingenio it to be As of the to quo he says student consider who like but what desire tal way, is now r use, and ill-suited and tho have he line of t portant needs of schools, no fur brief tex of a few some acc Aside of princ added u "Spectr is one o and is a o of the " modern additions smaller ising thus for school SECUR self-distr literature to record through N (Nashville). Were the that they place in as any w could not had not a lectual fr they add irresistibl thorne's v to be rest tw being thr once. On concea from the tions of ou little inti this book "Cause o "Philosop Economy," discussion tion of Mr "Yellow F in Tennessee

aspect of the subject, so that 'The New Chemistry' may neither be regarded as an ingenious device of yesterday, nor as a finality to be acquired with no expectation of further improvement."

As regards the plan and special objects of the work, we cannot do better than again to quote the author. "It is not designed," he says, "as a manual for special chemical students. It aims to meet the wants of that considerable class, both in and out of school, who like to know something of the science, but who are without the opportunity or the desire to pursue it in a thorough experimental way. Some acquaintance with the subject is now required as a part of every good education; but books designed for laboratory use, and abounding in technical details, are ill-suited to those who do not give special and thorough attention to the subject. I have here attempted to furnish such an outline of the leading principles and more important facts of the science as shall meet the needs of the mass of students in our high-schools, seminaries, and academies, who go no further with the subject than to study a brief text-book, with the assistance perhaps of a few lectures, and the observation of some accompanying experiments."

Aside from the revision and restatement of principles, much new matter has been added under various heads, among them "Spectrum Analysis." The chapter on this is one of the most valuable in the volume, and is a very complete and lucid exposition of the "most brilliant and startling of all modern discoveries." Notwithstanding the additions, however, the present edition is smaller in compass than the original one, being thus brought into more manageable limits for school use.

SECULAR criticism must necessarily feel self-distrustful when it comes to deal with the literature of angels, and we hardly know how to record our opinion of "Angels' Messages, through Mrs. Ellen E. Ward, as a Medium" (Nashville, Tennessee: Henry Sheffield, M.D.). Were the messages from men, we should say that they are as stupid, vulgar, and commonplace in thought, and as crude in expression, as any we had ever received, and that they could not deceive any one in whom credulity had not attained the proportions of an intellectual frenzy. We should say, further, that they add a new terror to futurity, and recall irresistibly to the thoughtful mind Hawthorne's wish that he might be permitted to rest two or three thousand years before being thrust into the next stage of existence. One of the most consoling items in our conception of the happiness of angels has been the belief that they are released from the petty cares, thoughts, and occupations of our earthly life; and certainly it is a little intimidating to find them, as we do in this book, discussing such topics as the "Cause of Crime," "Dress," "Morphine," "Philosophy of Government," "Political Economy," "Popular Scandal" (being a broad discussion of the Beecher trial and a revelation of Mr. Beecher's guilt), "Drunkenness," "Yellow Fever," the late Democratic victory in Tennessee, paper-money, and the impor-

tance in 1876 of substituting a "civilian" for a "military President." The peculiarly fatuous and jejune way in which these subjects are discussed by the angels is of less consequence, perhaps, than the fact that they are discussed at all. If these were the only subjects, however, we might in time reconcile ourselves to them; but certain others are traversed in a manner which, we grieve to say, if we applied the popular proverb about angels fearing to tread where fools rush in, would render us liable to mistake Mrs. Ward's angels for fools.

Here is a specimen of the style of these messages:

"I have traveled over earth's domain; I have traveled over the cliffs to find the eagle's nest; I have visited the Lazar-houses of the earth; I have stood upon the lofty peaks of the snow-clad mountains; I have walked the beach of the rolling ocean; I have picked up pebbles from the shore of time; I have heard the wind as it lashed the angry waves, and saw the snow-cap as it burst; I have felt the keen lightning as it flashed around me; I have seen the mighty ship, that genius created by the brain of man to waft the merchandise of nations over the bosom of broad oceans; I have penetrated the deepest forest of the home of the savage; I have stood upon the banks and looked across the rivers of the Eastern World; I have visited the sepulchres of past ages; I have beheld the ruins of ancient temples built by man to offer up therein prayers to Deity; I said to myself, 'What is this? why were all those temples built?' and the answer was, 'They are the home of thought.' 'Tis the finger of God pointing to the dome of thought which develops to man progressive eternity."

And here is a specimen of their philosophy:

"Spirits cannot get wet, nor cold, nor burned, nor even suffer pain. We go through cold air without feeling it, and so don't have to bundle up with shawls, cloaks, and overshoes to protect us from the weather. I shall have a double opportunity now to come and see you. I don't want to be selfish, or I should have come oftener. (Do you go horseback-riding?) No, I have not been on horseback since I came here. Oh, would it not be nice for you to go and see so many people as you do without your horse and buggy! All we have to do here is to have the desire, and we go with it."

The only statement in the book which affords any satisfaction is the following, from the preliminary explanation: "Spirits of the nineteenth century attack ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, in all their strongholds." Our faith in the reality of Mrs. Ward's intercourse with the spirits of the nineteenth century will depend largely upon our receiving early and authentic information that said spirits have "attacked" Mrs. Ward's angels for the ignorance and superstition which, through her mediumship, they have precipitated upon the world.

THE third volume of the "Ancient History from the Monuments" series (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is "Persia, from the Earliest Times to the Arab Conquest," by W. S. W. Vaux, M. A., F. R. S. Its narrative is more animated than that of Mr. Smith's "Assyria," which we noticed a few

weeks ago, and it is in several respects a better piece of work; still, it is inferior to the initial volume of the series. Without occupying more space than either Mr. Smith or Mr. Vaux, Dr. Birch succeeded in giving not only a fairly complete history of ancient Egypt, but a very satisfactory account of its architecture, its arts, its industries, its political system, and its religion and worship. Mr. Vaux's "History of Persia" is, perhaps, equal to Dr. Birch's "History of Egypt" as a narrative, but in other respects it is very defective. We learn scarcely more of Zoroastrianism, the national religion, than that it involved belief in a good principle and in an evil principle; and, of the Persian architecture, all we are told is that certain buildings are supposed to have been built at such and such places by a certain king. A whole chapter is devoted to a description of the principal ruins which modern investigation has discovered to us, but we gather from it nothing as to the characteristic features of Persian architecture. The want of a map, too, is keenly felt, when we endeavor to follow the alternate expansion and contraction of the Persian Empire.

As is well known, Persian history touches at several points upon the Biblical narrative, and Mr. Vaux gives a special interest to his work by numerous cross-references to the latter.

THE incidents which give a local flavor to Mr. Thompson's "Hoosier Mosaics" (New York: E. J. Hall & Son) would seem to indicate a state of society ruder by several degrees than that depicted in Eggleston's admirable "Hoosier Schoolmaster;" and the dialect is proportionately broader and more copious. A good deal of this dialect, indeed, shows unmistakable signs of recent manufacture, but it cannot be denied that, on the whole, it is plausible enough and quaint enough to impart a certain raciness to stories which otherwise would have very little interest.

THE *Athenaeum* has no very high opinion of "American humor," so called. It says: "There seems some probability that the wave of comic literature, which a short time ago invaded our shores from America, has finally subsided. For more than half a century we had become accustomed to the funny sayings of Mrs. Partington. Mrs. Partington, however, reached us only in dribs and drabs, utilized, as they reached us, in the facetious columns of country papers, and such publications as the *London Journal* and *Family Herald*. Nobody supposed a whole volume of Mrs. Partington would find English readers. And yet, within the last decade, we have had a dozen or more volumes of what is called 'dry,' or American, humor, every one of which found admirers fitting and not few. If the man that says he likes dry champagne would pick a pocket, the man that confesses to a taste for 'dry' humor would surely be expected to rob a church. The first to court public favor was, we believe, Artemus Ward. His book is, for the most part, typographical buffoonery, but so funny was it considered to spell two with a numeral, that more than one publisher reproduced the work, and thus stimulated the sale, just as rival oyster mongers stimulate the sale of their wares in a quiet street by simultaneous howls.

Then there came a flood of 'dry' humor; Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum Nasby, Titus A. Brick, Josh Billings, and Shoddy Z. Jones, are some of the brands we recollect. For the most part these productions were dreary, but, since international copyright is not in the most satisfactory state, the publishers got their comic wares for nothing, and could sell them for next to nothing, and thus glutted the market. Like 'crinoline,' dry humor had its day, let us hope never to have another."

REVIEWING "The Early Kings of Norway," the *Spectator* says: "Mr. Carlyle's rule for writing history, therefore, would be this: 'Look to your facts; remember that nations consist of living men; leave abstractions of all kinds, including systems and constitutions, to pedants.' An excellent rule, so far as it goes, but not the whole truth. What if ideas, opinions, entities of the mind and heart, which Mr. Carlyle calls abstractions, are themselves facts and forces in history? What if the devotion of a people to its institutions is just as real a thing as the devotion of an army to its chief? It will inexorably follow that the historian who takes no account of these abstractions will not give the whole truth of history. And on this side Mr. Carlyle has always been defective. His contempt for those who manufacture history with the aid of theories drove him to an opposite extreme. He never fully sympathized with or understood the enthusiasm produced in England by Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money; he scorned and disparaged that ingrained and inextinguishable devotion to constitutional liberty which made the English grumble not only under an incapable and perfidious Stuart, but under a supremely gifted and magnanimous Cromwell. A perfect historian would combine the distinctive excellences of Hallam and of Carlyle, but for this miracle we shall probably have long to look."

THE Convention of German Journalists, to which we referred two weeks ago, passed the following resolution: "The Congress of Journalists declares the anonymity of the press to be a right which its highest duties render it imperative to maintain, and which should only be waived when a strict adherence to it would favor the impunity of crime." . . . It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the state archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII. . . . With a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby, on the part of England, and the Marquis d'Harcourt, on the part of France, canceling the paragraph in the convention of 1851 by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation. . . . It is reported that the late General Dufour left an important manuscript which will shortly appear in print. It is the history of the Sonderbund War, and will be prefaced by a life of the general, compiled from his own memoirs. . . . Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is preparing a new and thoroughly revised edition of his book on "Etching and Etchers." . . . The

"New Shakespeare Society" announces that the "society wants but an increased list of members, and more workers with good heads, to insure its lasting success." Most other societies would succeed, we imagine, were this want supplied.

The Arts.

THE "Museum of Fine Arts" in Boston is now nearly completed, and the building contains a number of good rooms, favorably situated for an art-school. Several wealthy and intelligent gentlemen of that city, who are widely known for their interest in developing the taste and culture of the people, have associated together to found, in connection with the museum, a school which shall give the highest art-education that experience and wealth can supply. For several years past Massachusetts has had very flourishing schools for teaching industrial drawing, but these do not satisfy the demand in the higher regions of art, and it is hoped that the new school will ultimately cultivate and educate its pupils as thoroughly as modern resources will permit.

The rooms of the Art Museum will accommodate a hundred and fifty pupils. It is intended to drill the pupils at first in drawing from the *round*, in light and shade as it is now understood and taught in the French schools, and of late years in the National Academy School of New York, and at the Cooper Institute. It is also intended to have the greatest attention paid to drawing outlines of objects. The pupils will have explained to them, as far as they can comprehend it, the meaning of outline, its general character and large direction, as well as its complex character. Study from life will also constitute a portion of the course of instruction. A prominent feature of all the great European schools of art consists of lectures on artistic subjects, and the enforced use of art libraries. It is shown by all experience that the hand and eye alone are not enough to make the perfect artist, but that enlarged artistic thought is the soul of all great execution. To fill this need, lectures on special subjects will instruct the pupils *en masse*, and a copious art-library will enable them to study for themselves on special subjects.

The main rooms of the Art Museum will be filled by the collection of pictures now in the Boston Atheneum, by the "Way Collection" of Antiquities, and above all by the "Loan Collection." The public spirit of the leaders will perhaps make this last the most valuable of all for the student, with its variety, constant change, and with its pictures by the best modern masters, and such works as the Veronese, of which we have spoken before in the JOURNAL, and its specimens of the bass-reliefs of Luca della Robbia, its cast from one of the faces of the pedestal of Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus," its admirable tapestries, and its fine collection of the products of the looms of India, Persia, and China. These works will afford a constant opportunity for reference and study—an opportunity which time will continually enlarge.

The gentlemen who have undertaken the founding of this school in Boston are among its most wealthy, educated, experienced, and traveled citizens. They have studied every art-school, not only in external form, but the large motives that control them, and that have led to their failure or success in the past as well as the present time. They are also personally familiar with the best thinkers of Europe as well as America; and, with such men to undertake it, it seems as if no school could be established on broader or deeper foundations. The committee on the school have for some time been in consultation with the best artists and the most successful art-teachers in the country in regard to matters of detail, and within a short time it will, doubtless, be shown whether their plans will take positive form. Our chief cities in all parts of the country are at the present time busy about their art-schools, and it seems desirable that they should be. Each city has its different influences of climate and population, and the variety of these elements, English, German, French, Spanish, and Scandinavian, with their different national characteristics, affects art particularly, and for that reason this period seems the fit one when schools flavored by the English, the Celtic, the German, the Italian, should have their rise and their development side by side. As in Italy, the Roman, Venetian, Florentine, and many other schools, had each its distinctive character, we see no reason why in time Cincinnati, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, Charleston, and Boston, may not each work well and from different stand-points for the development of art.

THE last works of the deceased American sculptor Rinehart, brought directly to Baltimore from Italy some weeks since, are now being exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Freyer & Bendann, in that city. They consist of thirteen busts, two bass-reliefs, representing "Spring" and "Aurora," and a marble reclining figure of "Endymion." The busts are not specially interesting, as they are, with one exception, merely copies of well-known classical pieces; and the bass-reliefs, though not without merit, suggest an instinctive comparison with Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning," which, of course, must always be to their disadvantage. But "Endymion" is in the artist's best style, and will compare favorably with his group of "Latona and her Children," or any of his most celebrated works. The sleeping youth is stretched out upon a sheepskin, spread upon a flowery bank, and the perfect rest of the figure is its main characteristic. The shepherd's pipe dropping from the relaxed fingers, the lips slightly parted, the hair falling negligently downward, all add their part, without being overstrained or too strongly marked, to the idea of complete restfulness conveyed by the whole. And, as is nearly always the case with Rinehart's human forms, the figure is extremely graceful, and the general effect is beautiful and attractive in a high degree. This last production of the dead American sculptor will probably be exhibited, during

the coming season, in several of the Northern cities.

Another of Rinehart's works on public exhibition in Baltimore—his native city—is his "Clytie," the principal attraction in the small art-gallery of the Peabody Institute. This beautiful marble statue well deserves, as far as the figure is concerned, the high praise which has been liberally bestowed upon it; but in the accessories the artist has been singularly unfortunate. Even if the introduction of the actual, embodied sun-flower may be considered appropriate or consistent—for it really divides the attention more than it helps the meaning—yet it seems unaccountable that the sort of "sun-flower" selected should be that unseemly vegetable (*Helianthus annuus*) which towers in huge ugliness over the dusty yards of suburban shanties, and which was entirely unknown to the white race until after the discovery of America. The heading of Ovid's fable—"Clytie Nympha Conjur in herbam *Heliotropium*"—shows very clearly what flower was meant; and the graceful European heliotrope, with its delicate white or pale-red flowers, would have formed not only a truer but far more beautiful accessory to the figure, had any been needed. The shade of Ovid might justly be scandalized at seeing our American weed, which sometimes rises, in warmer climates, to the height of twenty feet, made the type of the gentle nymph whose love for the sun-god the poet so beautifully describes. At the same time the artist certainly deserves credit for faithfulness to his model even in this part of his work; for the sun-flowers are presented, in the various stages of their growth, with the utmost exactness and truth to Nature, though the exigencies of art require the stalks to be flattened out against a stump in a somewhat stiff and unnatural manner. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the botanical portion of this work might have been left out with positive advantage to the general effect.

W. W. C.

A very beautiful portrait-bust of William M. Evarts, by Mr. St. Gaudens, has lately arrived at Boston from Rome. Mr. St. Gaudens has of late made a good deal of reputation by the life and beauty of his works, and this head of Mr. Evarts gained great commendation from the artists in Rome. Every one familiar with Mr. Evarts's refined and intellectual countenance will recognize this bust as a remarkably happy likeness of the original. It is spirited and entirely free from the vulgar clap-trap look of pomposity and self-consciousness by which inferior artists strive to lend dignity to their work, and to atone for the deficiency of their appreciation of fine and important characteristics. Mr. Evarts might be in the court-room pleading a case, so full is his eye of fire, so instinct with expression are the mouth and other features, and so entirely free is the face from any vestige of thought of self. Mr. St. Gaudens has displayed, in modeling Mr. Evarts's thin face, uncommon appreciation and artistic sensitiveness. Though the jaw-bone is indicated clearly through the somewhat worn lines of the cheeks, this part

of the face is neither coarsely caricatured nor at all unbeautiful, and all the power and massiveness of Mr. Evarts's finely-chiseled brow and forehead have been most truly and delicately defined by the nice instinct of the artist. Hair is very rarely adequately depicted in plaster or in stone, and here also this sculptor has been happier in his effort than most artists. Locks and fine masses of it spring from the forehead, and the beholder notes its turns and delicate curves as it rises from the skin. Hair, as we all know, is as varied in its quality as the individual head it covers, and ranges from stiff, wiry hair, live and full of vitality, where each thread separates and appears to lie apart, to dead locks that seem more like cotton or tow than to have any life of their own. The hair marks different temperaments, and among them the fine hair which tends to mass itself in soft curves, lying one above another, which form and unite its shapes as do the mass of feathers on a raven's wing, or the curls on the ear of a beautiful dog, is believed to belong to the temperament the most sensitive and intellectual. Mr. St. Gaudens appears to have taken this view of his model, and, while the hair on most busts we see lies in shapeless bunches, and follows meaningless lines, the hair in this one is singularly light, and its locks are massed and curved as if wind could lift them or a shake of the head entirely derange their position.

THE death of William Oliver Stone, N. A., which was announced in the daily journals last week, is notable from the fact that he was one of the very limited circle of artists in this country who have attained any great degree of renown as portrait-painters. Mr. Stone was a pupil of Nathaniel Jocelyn, of New Haven, but at an early age, comparatively, set up his easel for himself, and assumed a distinctive position as an artist. He was never strong as the painter of men, although he at times produced meritorious pictures of this class, but his special forte lay in the execution of the heads of women and children. In the treatment of such subjects he had no superior in this country. His works were graceful in drawing, and marked by unusual richness of color and delicacy of treatment. Mr. Stone, like many of his contemporaries, delighted to paint the portrait of a pretty woman, and, when treating such a subject, while he preserved the portrait, it was invested with a feeling of reality which gave evidence of a high aim and an imaginative and inventive faculty of more than usual power. The ordinary portrait-picture, such as we see scores of in our public exhibitions every year, rarely attracts the attention of the multitude, but those of Stone's women and children always appeared to be possessed of some magnetic power, however plain the subject might be, which arrested attention at once. Baker's portraits of women and children also appear to possess this power. In 1865 Mr. Stone exhibited at the Academy a portrait entitled "Bessie," which was marked by many rare qualities. In 1867 he exhibited two portraits of ladies, which were remarkably brilliant in color and pure in tone. They are now in the collection

of Mr. J. Yeoman and Mr. J. C. Derby. His three-quarter length likeness of General Van Vliet, exhibited the same year, was one of his strongest pictures in male portraiture. In the following year he painted a portrait of Mrs. Hoey, which perhaps excited more general praise than any other picture exhibited in the Academy that season. Mr. Stone exhibited last year life-size portraits of the late James Gordon Bennett and Daniel Leroy. He was an industrious painter, and examples of his work exist in the collections of a large number of the old families of New York. During his leisure hours, Mr. Stone painted an occasional fancy head, but they were rarely exhibited out of his studio. Several of these ideal studies were left in his studio at the time of his death, and if offered for sale now they will doubtless find ready purchasers. Mr. Stone died in the prime of life; he was a genial companion; and, in personal appearance, a noble specimen of vigorous manhood.

A STATUE of Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, has recently arrived from Leghorn, and has been placed over his grave at Hingham, in which town he lived for many years. The statue of the great war governor is of slightly-gray Carrara marble, a color in the full light of day superior to white marble, which often appears sheeny and dazzling under such conditions. This statue is by Thomas R. Gould, the well known-artist, who is now living at Florence, and it is rather larger than life. It represents the governor standing, dressed in a double-breasted frock-coat, and with long military-cloak hanging from his shoulders, and fastened across his chest by a cord and tassels. Upon the collar is carved the star of the Commonwealth's escutcheon. Governor Andrew, as all will recollect him, was a short and stout man, with a firm, broad-shouldered figure, well knitted and determined. But his beauty lay in his fine and well-poised head. No subject could better adapted for the sculptor than his clean-cut Roman nose, with nostrils flexible and energetic, his well-marked, handsome mouth, with full lips and rounded chin, dimpled in the middle, and his large eyes, and forehead crowned by closely-curling hair. A face mobile and brilliant, it afforded every advantage to the artist. At first sight the statue looks a little under-sized, though it is really larger than life, but a further impression dispels this feeling, and, while many persons may regret that it has not a more public situation in Boston or perhaps Washington, it is, on the whole, well placed on its simple pedestal in the old graveyard at Hingham.

A COLOSSAL portrait-bust of Goethe, which, it is said, is intended to be placed in the Central Park at some future day, was placed on exhibition at Tiffany's jewelry establishment last week. The bust is about thirty inches in height, and is the work of Professor Fischer, of Berlin, or rather is the reproduction of the original by that eminent sculptor, which was executed in 1849. The head is not particularly striking, and as a work of art it utterly fails to convey to Goethe's ad-

mirers of to-day an idea of his genius or of the poetic inspiration with which his writings are endowed. Although the features are clearly defined, the modeling appears to have been carried to a degree of finish which has effaced every trace of individuality. This criticism may not apply to the original bronze, which exists in Berlin, we believe, but particularly belongs to the reproduction, which is cast in some base metal, shows no marks of the sculptor's chisel, and has been stained and varnished in imitation of the genuine material. It is not probable that this bust is to be offered to the Park authorities, but that a real bronze will be substituted. Such a work would be a worthy companion to the bust of Schiller, which was presented by the Germans, and now ornaments the Park ramble, near the lake.

A FINE bust, in white Carrara marble, of Charles Sumner, has recently been presented to George W. Curtis, by the city of Boston. The bust was executed by Milmore, in Italy, and is more than full-size. It is a strong likeness, and all the features are life-like and well marked. The attitude of the head is very erect, and the eyes and mouth are energetic and animated, as if Mr. Sumner were speaking. The best likenesses are those of course which are made either directly from life or by those who are familiar with the look and attitude of the original. The portraits, therefore, which are made now of Mr. Sumner, are the most valuable ones that will ever be produced, and for such reasons a bust like this by Milmore is of historical value, as it is one of the few which will be made now while Mr. Sumner's looks are vividly remembered, and before time has dulled the impression of his stately and intellectual head.

As costume is one of the arts, we quote here from a London journal the subjoined information in regard to the latest development of Paris fashion: "Designs, it is stated, are 'not only floral and geometric in their tendency, but zoological.' Exquisite brocades are sprinkled profusely with lions, tigers, and panthers, 'medieval-looking beasts' that are by no means life-like in their proportions or coloring, and far more nearly allied to the fabulous creatures in stone that decorate a Gothic cathedral than the savage denizens of a modern menagerie." Artists, it seems, have also gone to museums and borrowed old heraldic devices with which to ornament the robes of ladies who value their personal appearance. Unicorns, winged bulls, and birds, are used profusely. Oriental writing, the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, Persian arabesques, and Chinese and Japanese signs, are artistically converted into patterns. One design is mentioned as being 'peculiarly pretty'; it is a scrawl studded here and there with keys some three inches long. There are at least thirty sorts of keys of different epochs, capitally rendered. Of all the pleasing novelties, however, which are being introduced, there are none to equal a design in which 'various insects are introduced.'

THE ART JOURNAL for October will contain the first of a series of papers, finely illustrated, on "Household Art," by C. W. Elliott. It will also give an illustration of the prizes won by the American rifle-team in its recent excursion to Great Britain; an engraving of

the German painter Beyschlag's exquisite "Psyche and her Urn;" two choice engravings from De Haas's marine pictures, forming one of the series of papers on American painters; and several other illustrated papers; with three steel engravings consisting of "The Riven Shield," from a painting by Morris; "The Triumph of Galatea," from a painting by Domenichino; and "Puck," from Miss Hosmer's well-known sculpture.

Music and the Drama.

THE announcement that an arrangement had been made with the prima donna Mdlle. Tietjens was a double pleasure, inasmuch as it removed the fear that we were to have no Italian opera this winter, and also promised a hearing of a singer who, in some respects, stands alone in her art. Mdlle. Tietjens has for a number of years been known almost exclusively in England, having become such a favorite with that public as to make any other nearly unnecessary. England has been for many years the favorite home of oratorio. Her musicians, both singers and composers, have assiduously cultivated this style of music, and the numerous festivals held every year in the principal cities attest the popularity of it. It is in oratorio that Mdlle. Tietjens has of late years achieved her principal triumphs, no other living singer being supposed to be her equal in this style of singing, which differs widely from that required in the opera.

Mdlle. Tietjens has reached nearly if not quite the limit of years at which great singers are ordinarily supposed to cease their efforts, but, if we may judge from the English accounts, her voice remains unimpaired. Perfection of art rarely is attained till the freshness and beauty of the organ of singing have begun to decline. Indeed, it is not unfrequently the case that singers, as long as the voice retains its youthful bloom, neglect the more finished graces of the art, and think only of them when the necessity of replacing departed powers exercises a stern compulsion. It is said of Mario that, when that marvelous voice of his was in its golden prime of youth, he was so little dramatic or sympathetic in his style as to call forth the severest criticism. It was only when the organ lost its youth and bloom that the greatest of dramatic tenors attempted to develop the peculiar powers which afterward made him so famous.

Mdlle. Tietjens has for years been recognized by the English critics and public as the leading dramatic prima donna, even in competition with all the great singers whose annual appearance in London make that city the first musical capital of Europe. The great rôle of *Medea*, for example, in Cherubini's great opera of that name, has no other adequate interpreter, and it is never attempted except with Tietjens. In the same way *Leonor*, in Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio," is the monopoly of this lady on account of the breadth and beauty of her vocalization, and the intensity of her dramatic power. We are promised that a hearing will be had of Tietjens in her great rôles later in the season,

though at the beginning she will confine herself to concert and oratorio.

The latter department of music is peculiarly adapted to this artist's style and power on account of the broad phrasing and pure declamation required. The London papers are already lamenting the loss of Tietjens for the coming festivals as irreparable, although there are many clever and accomplished singers eager to fill the gap, and make the most of the opportunity. We may anticipate such an interpretation of oratorio music as has not been heard among us since the last appearance of the lamented Parepa-Rosa, who, in many respects, may be likened to Tietjens.

To support her in oratorio there will be the Centennial Choral Union, an organization which has been working under the auspices of Messrs. George F. Bristow and Charles E. Harslee, with special reference to the Philadelphia Centennial of next year. The chorus will consist of eight hundred voices, which have been carefully selected from the best available material, and certainly, with the time and care expended in their preliminary rehearsals, should do their work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The orchestra, we are told, will also be one of the largest with which oratorio has ever been given in this city. The three oratorio performances in New York will be on the evenings of Wednesday, October 20th; Friday, October 22nd; and Wednesday, November 10th. The works to be produced in their entirety are Händel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The last performance will consist of a miscellaneous programme from the great composers of oratorio. Tietjens first general concert will be on the evening of October 4th, and consist of a popular programme of operatic selections and ballads.

MR. BYRON'S "Our Boys," produced last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is a very charming comedy. The reason of its two hundred nights in London is clear enough. It cannot be ranked with the great English plays—it is far too slight in story and in character-drawing for that; but it is a very delightful production of the lighter kind—pleasant in story, wholesome in tone, animated in action, and bright in dialogue. The story is of two boys, one the son of a baronet, the other the son of a retired tradesman. The two fathers are friends, and so are the two sons, notwithstanding the great difference in their social rank; and both fathers and sons are very happily contrasted for stage purposes. The baronet is dignified and high-bred; the tradesman is vulgar in speech, and undignified in manner; but both are men of principle, and animated by strong fatherly affection for their boys. The "boys" have been traveling in Europe; they return at the opening of the play. The son of the baronet has all the affectations of a *béot* youth—the son of the tradesman is full of heartiness, naturalness, and ambition. Each father has selected a wife for his son, and by a rather stale device each of the boys manages to fall in love with the woman designed for the other. The baronet has brought up his

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boy to implicitly respect his authority; the son of the tradesman has been governed only through his affections. Each parent is confident of the success of his plan of domestic government in this emergency, but both theories come to naught, for neither of the boys will consent to marry the woman of his father's choice. The result is a domestic revolution. The boys go off together to London, bent on making their own way in the world, become very poor, suffer not a little, but at last are sought out by the not very obdurate fathers; and, in the end, all is made well. This is the story, in the main; but the dry plot of a play thus narrated gives the reader but little idea of the touches of humor, the flashes of wit, the phases of character, the many minor incidents, that make up the pleasant whole.

Plays like "Our Boys" make the theatre a delight; their effect upon every listener cannot be otherwise than wholesome, even if they do not possess high imaginative power, and make no attempt to do more than to present a slight but charming picture for the recreation of an hour. "Our Boys" is very well acted by every person in the cast, and is well mounted.

NEW YORK is likely to be blessed with a large amount of oratorio music this season, and the true lovers of the art will be likely to say, "The more the better." The "Oratorio Society of New York," under the direction of Mr. Leopold Damrosch, and with the noble co-operation of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and Mr. Dudley Buck on the organ, will give a series, Mendelssohn's "Paulus" for the first, and the "Messiah" for the second. Afterward a number of short choral works from the old Italian and German masters, and parts of Liszt's "Christus" (for the first time in America), will be offered. We have not yet learned what solo talent has been secured, but can hardly expect it to equal the orchestral and choral ability enlisted in the enterprise. It is a delightful and encouraging fact to see New York taking so deep an interest in oratorio, and we trust to record the deepening and strengthening of the taste in the future. No more auspicious omen of the organic growth of real musical culture can be found than this.

In the poorest of Mr. Boucicault's plays he never fails to develop at least one good dramatic character. This is notably true of "The Flying Scud," a drama which in motive and story has nothing to commend it, but escapes entire condemnation by the very fine delineation of Nat Goaling, the eccentric and superannuated old jockey. Just now this poor but turbulent play is temporarily revived at Booth's Theatre, in order to afford the New York public an opportunity of witnessing Mr. George Belmore's excellent personation of the part of the old jockey. Mr. Belmore is an English actor who has made a reputation in his own country as a finished actor of eccentric parts. His Nat Goaling is a remarkably close and truthful performance, subdued in tone, accurate to the minutest detail in every accent, gesture, and facial expression, and never sacrificing truth or the

general harmony of the sketch to effect. It lacks color and breadth, perhaps, somewhat. One would not dislike a little more heartiness and resonance; but every one must admire the severe fidelity with which the idea of the character is worked out.

A VOLUME entitled "Hamlet; or, Shakespeare's Philosophy of History: a Study of the Spiritual Soul and Unity of Hamlet," recently published in England, is commented upon in the *Athenaeum* as follows: "The wildest extravagance of German speculation upon the remote significance of Shakespeare seems tame beside this attempt to solve the mystery of 'Hamlet.' At the outset, the author asserts that his book is 'not addressed to those who can see no mystery in the works of Shakespeare.' Without being sure whether we are of this bat-like few or many, we can at least see no such mystery as Mercade suggests. According to an ideal key to 'Hamlet' which he prefixes, and to the disquisition which follows, Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' had the intention of suggesting many very remote and remarkable things. 'He fathomed,' says Mercade, 'the great dynamical principle of modern history in Europe. Time is the stage upon which the play is built, Mankind the actors; Truth and Error the action of the drama.' Claudius thus presents 'Error, injustice, etc.' Gertrude 'Human belief and custom.' Their marriage 'indicates the corruption of Christianity,' while Hamlet's father presents 'Unadulterated Christianity prior to the second century—ideal truth and justice.' The bulwarks of Error are Polonius, presenting 'Bigotry, intolerance, absolutism'; Reynaldo, 'discouragement of learning, probably inquisition'; Voltimand, 'repression by force, persecution (?); Cornelius, 'Hard-heartedness (?); Rosencrantz, 'opposition of those who benefit by abuses'; Guildenstern, 'Sophistry, casuistry, hypocrisy, evasion'; Ophelia, 'Church'; Laertes, 'historical continuity of authority, orthodox literature, conservatism'; and Orie, 'Society and criticism.' On the other side is Hamlet, representing 'Progress.' With him are Francisco, Bernardo, Marcellus, 'typifying the end of dark ages, first movement of the growth of knowledge (revival of learning), probably reading, criticism, inquiry, and printing.' Horatio comes as the spirit of justice, independence, and scholarship, resulting from above. Fortinbras's 'Liberty'; 'the first Clown is an artistic double to Hamlet,' and the Ghost is 'the revival of Christianity.' The interlude, it may be added, is the Reformation. We have shortened some of the explanations of the Key of Mercade, which is advanced as ideal, but have endeavored to preserve the sense. Those who see any benefit to philosophy, science, or common-sense, in such speculations, will find abundance of similar matter in the book. To us the whole is 'Midsummer madness.'

The last number of the transactions of the German society for the study of the natural history and ethnology of Eastern Asia, in Yokohama, gives an interesting account of music in Japan. The Japanese musicians are usually divided into four classes: those who play religious music only, those who play secular music, blind musicians, and female musicians. The musicians who possess a theoretical knowledge of music, and even those who know their notes, are very few in number; they are scattered all over the country, and belong only to the class of those who occupy themselves with sacred music. Both the

secular and religious performers belong to certain societies or guilds, which meet at prescribed periods and for prescribed purposes, and there are large numbers of musicians who play in private houses for a stipulated fee. The members of these guilds have various privileges. At one of the sittings of the German society a musician presented himself who had the right of setting the first string of the "koto" (a seven-stringed instrument) an octave lower than any one else. The Japanese use string, wind, and percussion instruments. These are divided into pure instruments (for religious music only) and impure, which are used only for secular objects. There are no instruments of metal. Twelve keys are used, one for each month, and each key has twelve tones. Tuning-forks of various shapes, all different from those known in Europe, are in common use. The strings of the instrument are of silk, covered with wax; and the notes simply give the number of strings to be struck, or, in the flute, of the hole to be stopped. Semitones are distinguished by a sign placed against the number of the preceding tone. The notes are written downward, and the words to the left of them. Songs are always in unison with the principal instrument in the accompaniment. On the whole, Japanese music is very similar to that of China.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 7, 1875.

IN a work recently published by the Abbé Riche, there is to be found an account of the saving of Notre-Dame from the flames during the Commune. The abbé was charged by the court-martial with the painful task of preparing for death those of the insurgents who were condemned to be shot on the 25th of May, 1871. Among them was a young workman who, on learning the fatal news, fell as though thunder-stricken against the wall; then, striking his brow violently with his clinched fist, he cried, "I knew that such a deed would bring me ill luck!" Surprised at this exclamation, which was uttered with an expression of heart-rending sincerity, the abbé persuaded the condemned man to confide his secret to him.

"See here," he said, after hesitating for a few moments, "I will confess every thing, but hasten to make use of what I shall tell you, for in an hour it will be too late. Yesterday evening I carried to Notre-Dame myself two barrels of powder and two cans of petroleum. I placed the two barrels of powder in the pipes of the furnace, one on the upper part of the church and the other on the lower. As to the petroleum, I put one can, not in the big chair where folks preach, but under another chair near the benches where folks sit, and the other I placed among the wood-work under the organ. But I repeat, hasten to send to Notre-Dame to have all that taken away!" Then, interrupting himself, he asked, "What o'clock is it?" "Half-past nine," answered the abbé, looking at his watch.

"The petroleum was to be set on fire between nine and ten o'clock."

Not an instant was to be lost. The confessor at once informed the provost of the revelation that had just been made to him. A battalion of policemen started immediately for Notre-Dame, taking with them the criminal, so that he might guide them in their researches. Every thing that he had said was

true, and several chairs were already on fire, but assistance had arrived in time. The flames were speedily extinguished, and the powder and petroleum were removed. The Abbé Riche, moved by a truly Christian inspiration, then took the provost aside.

"You cannot," he said, "shoot the man to whom we owe the revelations that have saved Notre-Dame. Remember that a few yards from the cathedral stands the hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, crowded with invalids. Had Notre-Dame been blown up, what a horrible catastrophe would have ensued! This man must be pardoned."

A council was held, and the Abbé Riche gained his point. The man's life was spared.

Jules Lecomte published in 1840 a work on the then celebrated authors of France. Here is a sketch of Eugène Sue, then in the height of his renown:

"M. Sue is a tall young man, and rather stout as well. He wears boot-heels some two or three inches high, and my informant tells me that M. Sue is in despair because these heels are not red. He is a dandy in the full signification of the word. He is pale and very dark, with abundant hair and beard, his nose is twisted to one side, and he carries a little cane covered with precious stones. He is quite wealthy, the paternal fortune amounting to twenty-five or thirty thousand francs of revenue. In the winter he resides in Paris on the Rue Caumartin. His furniture is extremely splendid, of the styles of the Renaissance and Louis XV. It is said to have cost over twenty thousand dollars. His study is in antique carved oak, ornamented on all sides with ancient bronzes, old Flemish pictures, and all sorts of arms and curiosities in the severest taste. Antique colored glass of the fifteenth century only permits a sort of mysterious twilight to penetrate this apartment; it is hard to understand how M. Sue can see to write or even to read amid these shadows, which have something religious about them. His salon is all satin damask, gilded furniture, buhl furniture, marquetry in copper, enamels, old tapestry hangings, Japanese vases, and other ruinous fancies. The dining-room is in the transition style of Louis XIII., but, by a caprice which seems like an infirmity in the host of these brilliant apartments, the same obscurity reigns everywhere."

It was at this time that Eugène Sue proposed writing the "History of the French Navy." Long before the publication of the first number, several fragments of it had appeared in the Parisian reviews, and had been severely criticised. One day, when he had just given a foretaste of his "History of Jean Bart," by a chapter à la Walter Scott, which had been printed in some literary collection, M. Sue received a packet from Toulon, transmitted through the Ministry of the Navy. It was formally unsealed, and within M. Sue found a gilt medal, on which was inscribed, "To M. Eugène Sue, from the French Navy in Gratitude." Beneath this inscription was a tiny line, which looked like an ornamental flourish. M. Sue showed this medal with great pride to forty of his friends, the forty-first discovered that the little line was really composed of this conclusion, in almost imperceptible letters, to the inscription, "For his *sac* having written its history!"

Here is a picture of George Sand of those days as she appeared at the opera :

"At that moment the Baroness Dudevant (George Sand) entered the *foyer*, leaning on the arm of M. Charles Didier. On seeing her, Alfred de Musset, whose journey to Italy with

that celebrated woman is an interpreted fact, slipped behind M. de Balzac and fled from the room.

"Madame George Sand is a small lady of a rather delicate aspect, about thirty years of age, having fine and abundant tresses and a very noble countenance. Her profile is of the style that the French call Bourbonian. Her foot is irreducible and her hand improbable. A court of young artists followed her, and celebrated men ranged themselves on either side to salute her. The warm pallor of her countenance brought out the lustre of her black and sparkling eyes."

Heavens and earth! how plain she is now, that celebrated and fascinating woman, whose heartless immorality has disgraced her sex even more than her genius adorned it! Old, fat, and commonplace-looking, with a stiff range of little false curls surmounting her prominent forehead, with deep indentations in her heavy cheeks, and with eyes sharp and keen as a gimlet-point, George Sand retains not a vestige of the Cleopatra-like fascination wherewith she won the hearts and blighted the lives of Chopin and of De Musset. Such women ought to die in their siren prime, not live to grow old and stout and ordinary-looking. She is very pious now, I hear, and very domestic in her tastes. "When the devil was sick"—we all know that adage, and, I suppose, it is pretty much the same with the devil grown old.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 1st of September contains the opening chapters of a new novel by Octave Feuillet, entitled "A Society Marriage." It begins in graceful and interesting fashion with the love-affairs of two young people betrothed by the efforts of an invertebrate and amiable match-maker, one Madame de la Veyle. The style is, as is usual with this exquisitely graceful and charming writer, at once sparkling and forcible. Here are one or two observations culled from the pages at random :

"Without being armed with very solid or very elevated principles, Madame Fitz-Gerald possessed in the highest degree the religion of ermines and of women of the world—a horror of stains! Evil was for her not only evil, it was an impropriety."

"Remember, dear child, that woman is made to endure, and man to be endured."

The second volume of the "Memoirs of Odilon Barrot" is to appear on the 1st of October. The first volume has already reached its third edition. It will take two more to complete the work. The Bibliothèque Charpentier is shortly to issue a complete edition of the poetry of Théophile Gautier, which will include a number of unpublished poems. Among the late publications of the Librairie Illustrée is comprised a reprint in fac-simile of the number for September 4, 1870, of all the leading newspapers of France, and also a reprint of the "History of the Revolution of 1870-'71," by Jules Claretie. The almanacs for 1876 are already advertised; they comprise a vast variety of styles and subjects. There is the literary almanac and the culinary almanac, the musical, the matrimonial, the historical, the prophetic, the epistolary, the facetious, and the medical almanacs, and many others that I have neither the space nor the patience to enumerate. They are not very expensive, varying in price from six to thirty cents a piece.

It appears that the recent exhibition of the antique treasures of Alsace and of Lorraine has been the source of unheard-of fortunes to many of the exhibitors. Old boards of *bric-a-brac*, porcelain, illuminated manuscripts,

etc., have been disposed of at immense prices. All the *bric-a-brac* merchants of Paris and of Germany are ransacking Nancy for similar treasures, and are inviting, by advertisements and placards, all the inhabitants to bring out their antique valuables. The St.-Charles Hospital possessed a series of vases in *faïence*, the gift of King Stanislas to their pharmacy, and used by the good nuns to contain ointments; before the exhibition no one thought much of them, and after its close a *bric-a-brac* merchant offered two thousand dollars for the two principal vases. One of his *confrères* offers one hundred dollars a piece for the two hundred small vases belonging to the collection, and twenty thousand dollars for the set of large ones. The Evangeliare of St.-Gauglin, Bishop of Toul, which belongs to the Cathedral of Nancy, is estimated by these enthusiasts as being worth sixty thousand dollars. An enormous valuation has been set upon the Graduel which formerly belonged to the ancient Chapter of St.-Dié. These prices have thrown all possessors of antiquities in these regions into a fever. The heirs of M. Charles de Gouvin possess a *livre d'heures* in perfect preservation, and closed with clasps most exquisitely and delicately worked. This treasure has caused quite a commotion among the parties to which it belongs. One wishes to keep it, a second to sell it, and a third wished to have it exhibited among the precious objects collected at the Hôtel-de-Ville of Nancy. But so many precautions and so many formalities, so many keys and so much glass-case, were exacted from the director of that exhibition, that he refused to have any thing to do with the priceless prayer-book. By a decision of the court it is to be sold for the benefit of the heirs. It is to be brought to Paris by M. Renard, the oldest lawyer of the tribunal, who engages to take personal charge of it, and to place it in the hands of M. Pillet, the celebrated *commissaire priseur*, or estimator of antiquities, of the Hôtel Drouot. It is to be exhibited under his charge for a month in a glass case under lock and key, and then to be sold at auction. If the object in question were a monster diamond instead of an ancient manuscript, the owners thereof could not make more fuss about it.

It is doubtful, after all, whether we shall have the pleasure of hearing Massé's much-talked-of opera of "Paul and Virginia" at the Opéra Comique this winter, some difficulty on the question of salary having arisen between Mademoiselle Heilbron and the management. It is the old story, so say the critics, an American tour having spoiled the lady for Parisian prices. The Théâtre Lyrique is very anxious to get possession of the work in question, on which great hopes are founded. But the Théâtre Lyrique is in the very odd position of an opera with a director and a subvention, but lacking a theatre. There is in this city of theatres not a single one available for the reconstructed organization. Two directors in face of this difficulty have already resigned without directing—monarchs, like Louis XVII., deposed before they had ever reigned. "Faust" is to be given at the Grand Opéra to-morrow night at last. The rehearsals take place every off-night, so the consumers of Pilsen beer at the *café* just behind the opera-house have been treated to about fifty repetitions of "The Soldiers' Chorus" on every alternate evening, as in this warm weather the windows are all left open during rehearsals.

The cast of the opera is not at all strong. Faure will not be the *Mephistopheles*; the tenor, though young, is short, and fat, and vulgar-looking, and Madame Carvalho will be the

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only real artist of the whole. And she, alas! is rather aged for the part of the girlish maiden heroine. But the scenery, and the chorus, and the ballet, will be superb, especially in the scene of the Walpurgis Night, which is seldom or never given on the American stage.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

WHAT is said to be a hitherto unpublished sermon by Father Prout has just been printed in a Cork paper. How characteristic it is! Having chosen for his text "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he goes on to show that the real poor are "the clergy," * and this is how the great Irish humorist winds up:

"Last Thursday was a week since Bartlemy fair, and I wint down to buy a horse, for this is a large parish an' mortification an' frettin' have puffed me up, so that God help me it's little able I am to answer all the sick calls to say nothin' o' stations, weddin's, and christenin's. Well! I bought the horse an' it cost me more than I expected, so there I stood without a penny in my pocket after I paid the dealer. It rained cats an' dogs, an' I am so poor I can't afford a great-coat, I got wet to the skin less than no time. There ye were, scores o' ye i' the public houses with the winders up that all the world might see ye a stan' an' drakin' as if it was for a wager; an' there wasn't one o' ye had the grace to ask Father Prout ha' ye got a mouth i' yer face? An' there I might ha' stood i' the rain until this blissful hour (that is supposin' it had continued rainin' until now) if I hadn't been picked up by Mr. Mun Roche o' Kildinan—an honest gentleman an' an hospitable man I must say tho' he is a Protestant. He took me home with him an' there to yer eternal disgrace, ye villains, I got as full as a tick—an' Mun Roche had to send me home in his own carriage, which is an everlasting shame to all o' ye who belong to the true Church.

"Now, I ask, which has carried out this art? Ye, who did not give me even a poor tumbler o' punch at Bartlemy, or Mun Roche who took me home an' filled me with the best stein' an' drakin', an' snt me to my own house after that in his own elegant carriage? Who best fulfilled the Scripture? Who lint to the Lord by givin' to the poor clergy?

"Remember a time will come when I must give an account o' ye! What can I say thin? Won't I have to hang down my head in shame on yer account?" Pon my conscience, it wouldn't much surprise me, unless ye greatly mind yer ways, if Mun Roche an' you won't have to change places on that occasion—he to sit along side o' me, as a friend who had thrashed the poor clergy well i' this world, an' ye in a sartin place, which I won't particularly mention now, except to hint that its precious little frost and snow ye'll have in it; but quite the reverse. However, it's never too late to mind; an' I hope by this day week it's quite another story I'll have to tell o' ye all."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, from whom we look for a really fine opera one of these days, is at present basking under Italy's blue skies. But he is at work withal. He has an Italian piece in hand.

Our late M. P. for Falmouth, Mr. Eastwick, a great authority on Indian affairs, is just now busily engaged in our Eastern empire in gathering up materials for some hand-books on the three presidencies, which Mr. Murray has commissioned him to write. It is well that Mr. Eastwick has taken to the pen again, for, though an execrable speaker, he is an excellent writer.

Mr. Maddison Morton, the veteran author of "Box and Cox," has chosen a strange title for his forthcoming Haymarket comedy. It will be called "Chaff," but doubtless there

will be far more than one grain of wheat in it. I don't think I have mentioned, by-the-way, that Tom Taylor is also writing a play for the Haymarket. He is, however; and he is writing it especially for Miss Neilson.

Both the Strand and Gaiety are closed—for redecoration. But, in a very few days, they'll be opened again, when Mr. Charles Mathews—who, though seventy-two, is as lively as a youth of twenty—will put in an appearance at the latter, and a new *opéra-bouffe* by two rising young playwrights, Messrs. F. Hay and F. W. Green, will be produced at the former.

Mr. Henry Cromie, who must have Chaucer's works at his fingers' ends, as it were, has just undertaken another arduous task. Having completed, for the Chaucer Society, his "List of Chaucer's Rhymes in the Canterbury Tales," he has now set about compiling, for the same society, an index of all the names of the places and people mentioned and the subjects dwelt on and alluded to in the tales in question.

The queen of song, Madame Adelina Patti, is coming among us again. She is on the point of landing, as I write, from Dieppe. Hard work is before her. At Bristol she has to sing, at Brighton she has also to sing, and in London she has to lay the foundation-stone of a new throat and ear hospital.

Two of our best-known authors have been writing to the newspapers within the last few days—Charles Reade and R. H. Horne, of "farthing epic" fame. Mr. Horne rushes into print to express his opinion that Captain Webb, the swimmer, should be made a knight; Mr. Reade does ditto in order to defend Colonel Baker, of indecent-assault infamy. Incidentally we learn from the latter's letter that he is wont to keep a written record of criminal cases, a disclosure which will not surprise those of his readers who have perused his "Never too late to mend."

I met Mr. B. L. Farjeon the other morning as he was following Dr. Johnson's famous example—taking "a walk down Fleet Street." He had just, he told me in his ever-hearty way, returned from France, where an agreeable surprise had awaited him. Happening to go into a Paris bookseller's shop, he saw a French translation that he wotted not of, of his Christmas-story, "The King of No-Land." It was the last copy that dealer in books had, but he had sold many copies, he went on; and then he proceeded to expatiate on the merits of the tale. The author of "Grif," of course, listened smilingly, but went away without either making his identity known or buying the volume. "Twould have been a pity, you know, Williams," he remarked, slyly, "to have prevented somebody having the pleasure of reading it."

Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone, the veteran author-actor, is one of the most forgetful of men; indeed, he is almost as absent-minded as Sydney Smith himself. A very characteristic anecdote regarding him has just dropped up. It appears that some years ago, when Mr. B. was in that smokiest of Scotch cities, Glasgow, his son introduced him to a Mr. Albert Smith, a civil-engineer, as an old acquaintance. "Don't you remember my friend Mr. Smith, you know?" "Smith—Smith!" muttered the aged comedian; "I've heard that name before." "Why, father," said the son, "it's Mr. Albert Smith." "Albert Smith—Albert Smith! Bless my soul! do you say so? I thought I had—er—buried poor Albert—er—twelve years ago—er—in Kensal Green Cemetery!"

WILL WILLIAMS.

* Clergy.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

NOTES.

THE introductory notice of Sir John Hawkshaw's inaugural address before the British Association, which appeared in the JOURNAL of last week, closed with a reference to the fact that the Egyptians probably had a knowledge of steel. We now return to the review of this paper, selecting from the many facts here collected such as will prove most interesting to the reader, and best serve to illustrate the character of the whole address. As in Egypt the art of building in stone had reached the greatest perfection five thousand years ago, so in Mesopotamia the art of building with brick, the only available material in that country, was in an equally advanced state some ten centuries later. The stability of this ancient brickwork may be best proved by the fact that the name of Nebuchadnezzar is as common on the bricks of many modern towns in Persia as it was in Babylon, the old brick walls having been demolished simply to furnish material for the modern structures. As illustrating the labor bestowed on these works, it is said that the mound of Koyunjik alone contained fourteen and one-half million tons of brick, representing the labor of ten thousand men for twelve years! The palace of Sennacherib, which stood on the mound, was probably the largest ever built by any one monarch. It contained more than two miles of walls, panelled with alabaster slabs. Herodotus states that in the construction of one of his palaces this monarch employed three hundred and sixty thousand men. Passing from these architectural wonders to those more intimately related to engineering science, reference is made to the extended system of irrigation-works constructed by the Egyptians, Mesopotamians, and other ancient people. Egypt was probably far better irrigated in the days of the Pharaohs than it is now, and as this could not have been accomplished without the aid of maps and surveys, it is evident that at that day surveying and its kindred branches were understood and practised. Lake Morris, in Egypt, was an artificial reservoir made by one of the Pharaohs, and supplied by the flood-waters of the Nile. It was one hundred and fifty square miles in extent, and was retained by a bank or dam sixty yards wide and ten feet high, which bank, though now in ruins, can be traced for a distance of thirteen miles. While the greater number of the ancient canals were made for purposes of irrigation, others served also for navigation. One of these was traced by Sir Henry Rawlinson from Hit, on the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf, a distance of between four and five hundred miles. A kindred subject of more direct interest at the present time is that of drainage. Twenty-three centuries ago the city of Agrigentum possessed a system of sewers, which, on account of their size, were deemed worthy of mention by Diodorus, and it was two centuries earlier than this that the well-known Cloaca Maxima was built as part of the drainage system of Rome. The palace-mounds of Nimroud and Babylon were built over great vaulted drains, as were also the brick mounds of Chaldea. Following these statements are others of a like character, referring to the more familiar facts regarding the Roman roads, aqueducts, etc., after noticing which, the writer enters the departments of invention and applied science. Extended reference is made to the steam-engine, weaving-machines, steamships, and electric telegraph. The following state-

ment regarding the illustrious Dr. Lardner's opinion of ocean steamships may be comforting to the disciples of Keely, who still have faith in the motor, "science to the contrary notwithstanding." Referring to Dr. Lardner, the writer continues: "It is not more than forty years since one of our scientific men, and an able one, too, declared, at a meeting of this Association, that no steamboat would ever cross the Atlantic, founding his statement on the impracticability, in his view, of a steamboat carrying enough coal profitably for the voyage. Yet, soon after this statement was made, the *Sirius* steamed from Bristol to New York in seventeen days."

It may safely be asserted that to no scientific expedition has there been accorded a greater measure of popular favor and good will than to that which has now entered the polar regions. From the outset we have endeavored to inform our readers fully as to the extent and character of the scientific preparations, the duties of the officers, and the efforts that had been made to secure efficient service. As yet, however, nothing has been said of the plans devised for making the many hours of idleness pass pleasantly and profitably away. And yet these preparations seem to have been as complete as those relating to the labors of the party. A correspondent to the London *Daily Telegraph* who accompanied the explorers as far as Disco, returning thence on the *Valorous*, notices these plans for polar amusements as follows: "There will be no want either of occupation or amusement in the long darkness of at least one hundred and twenty days that the explorers must encounter. The magnetic observatory has been taken out in pieces from England, with no iron in any part, and a copper stove has been supplied for it. This wooden edifice will be erected on shore, if the ship succeeds in finding winter quarters in a harbor, and there will be another observatory for the astronomical observations. Thus the scientific staff will be steadily at work through the winter, while the instruction and amusement of officers and men will be fully provided for. There will be schools for teaching navigation and other branches of knowledge. A large collection of excellent magic-lantern slides furnishes the means of illustrating lectures on astronomy, as well as popular tales and anecdotes. The expedition is rich in musical talent, and each ship has a piano and a harmonium. Lieutenant Aldrich is an accomplished pianist; Lieutenants May and Egerton play the banjo, Lieutenant Parr the flute, and there is a talented drum and fife band on the lower deck, besides any amount of vocal music fore and aft. Commander Markham, with Mr. Egerton as a confederate, will give entertainments of magic and legerdemain, and can perform all conjuring tricks, from the magic-bottle to dark *séances* and clairvoyance. The histrionic talent is also in strong force on board both ships; many presents of dresses and properties were received, including one from Mr. Irving, and a magnificent proscenium has been painted for the Alert. There will also be periodical literature and newspapers, besides printed playbills and notices, the printing department being ably conducted by Lieutenant Giffard and Robert Symons. Nor has due provision for such festive occasions as birthdays and Christmastide been forgotten. Fortunately, as many as seven birthdays occur during the long winter nights, five in the Alert and two in the Discovery. The importance of the duties of making the winter pass quickly and pleasantly away, by amusing as well as employing the minds of all

on board and preventing their caring for the inevitable hardships and sufferings, as well as by strictly enforcing the proper amount of daily exercise and the observance of sanitary regulations, cannot be over-estimated, and every member of the expedition, by cordially and heartily entering into the spirit of the work, will each in his place thus secure the maintenance of the general health both of mind and body. It is this alone that can insure that elasticity and vigor which, in the spring of 1876, is destined to carry the crosses of St. George far into the unknown north. As the sun begins to approach the horizon the grand work of the expedition will commence."

UNDER the title "Astronomical Predictions," Professor Daniel Kirkwood contributes to the *Tribune* a tabulated list of the several phenomena to be observed in the heavens during the next twenty-five years. From this list, which includes eclipses, with solar and lunar occultations, transits, comets, and star-showers, we select the following phenomena as likely to attract general attention in this country: On the 23d of August, 1877, a total eclipse of the moon will occur, partly visible in the United States. The great astronomical event of the transit of Venus will occur on the 6th of December, 1882, and will be visible in the United States. A maximum of sun-spots may be looked for in the year 1883, and also the return of the comet of 1812, whose period was estimated at seventy years and eight months. A considerable display of meteors may be expected on the 20th of April, 1884, and a total eclipse of the moon will occur on the 4th of October. In February, 1886, Winnecke's comet will return. The only opportunity of witnessing a total eclipse of the sun on this continent during the century will occur in Colorado, on the 28th of July, 1878. That part of the stream of November meteors which produced the showers of 1877 and 1880 may be expected to return between 1885 and 1888. A display of meteors derived from Biela's comet may be expected about November 24, 1892. On the night of December 27, 1898, the moon will be totally eclipsed. The maximum display of Leonids or November meteors may be expected on the morning of the 15th of that month, 1899; and on May 27, 1900, a total eclipse of the sun will be visible in Virginia. In addition to these phenomena of special interest are the numerous returns of the smaller comets, the transits of Mercury, and several stellar occultations. A review of the list will prove of special significance from the fact that the astronomer now classes the meteor among the "manageable" of the heavenly bodies, and boldly announces the periods at which the coming of these "celestial rovers" may be expected.

THE table-tumblers are at it again, and this time the contest has resulted in a challenge which can hardly be disregarded. It appears that Colonel Henry S. O'leott, in a recently-published communication, referred to a member of the Liberal Club as one who "hailed the idea of annihilation," wittily adding that said member was "seized with rapture at the sight of a tray of snuffers as the fitting emblem of his faith." This charge does not seem to have been well received at headquarters, and three members of the club—one physician, one physician, and one lawyer—unite in not only disclaiming, on behalf of the club, any special sympathy with the "snufferman," but, what is of more importance, in proving that the "unspiritual members" have endeavored in vain to get at the truth of

spiritualism by "attested facts." It appears that some years ago these gentlemen were constituted a special committee "to investigate spiritual facts and phenomena within the city and vicinity," and this is their conclusion, namely, that so far as they have been able to discover they find no "spirit hypothesis" needed to account for the phenomena observed, since they all fall quite readily under one or more of the following categories: 1. Fraud; 2. Illusion; 3. Delusion; 4. Disease. "If any man or woman," say the committee, "can produce or knows of phenomena that they will assert upon their honor that they believe cannot be so reduced, the undersigned will give such phenomena and their conditions a careful and, as far as possible, a scientific investigation." The gentlemen who thus offer their services are Drs. Van der Weyde and Marvin, and Mr. T. B. Wakeman, and the challenge is so decided, and yet its conditions so just, that to refuse to listen will place the unfortunate spirits in a very unenviable light indeed.

THE Scott-Moncrieff tramway-car, which is worked by compressed air, was recently tested on the Govan & Glasgow Railway. There appear to have been three trials; in the first two the car started with a pressure in its reservoir of three hundred pounds to the square inch, which pressure, in the third trial, was reduced to two hundred pounds. The car was said to be readily controlled, its speed increased or diminished at will, the operations of starting, stopping, reversing, etc., being performed with ease. Furthermore, the estimated cost per mile was one and one-half cents, or one-fifth that of horse-power. All this we give on the authority of the *English Mechanic*, and yet we hesitate to accept the facts without a more complete verification of them. The engineering and mechanical problems, which are here briefly announced as clearly solved, are those to which the attention of mechanics and inventors has been directed for years, and it is hardly creditable that an invention which may revolutionize our street-car system has been thus quietly perfected and applied. We shall await with interest any further information—the only description now at hand being that "the vehicle resembles an ordinary car, but is a little higher, the reservoir of air being carried on the roof."

WE learn from *Nature* that an interesting geological discovery has been recently made during excavations for a new tidal basin at the Surrey Commercial Docks. On penetrating some six feet below the surface, the workmen everywhere came across a subterranean forest-bed, consisting of peat with trunks of trees, for the most part still standing erect. All are of the species still inhabiting Britain; the oak, alder, and willow, are apparently most abundant. The trees are not mineralized, but retain their vegetable character, except that they are thoroughly saturated with water. In the peat are found large bones, which have been determined as those of the great fossil ox (*Bos primigenius*). Fresh-water shells are also found. No doubt is entertained that the bed thus exposed is a continuation of the old buried forest, of wide extent, which has on several recent occasions been brought to the daylight on both sides of the Thames, notably at Walthamstow, in the year 1869, in excavating for the East London Water-works; at Plumstead, in 1862-'63, in making the southern outfall sewer; and a few weeks since at Westminster, on the site of the new Aquarium and

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Winter Garden. In each instance the forest-bed is found buried beneath the marsh-clay, showing that the land has sunk below the tidal level since the forest flourished.

M. CECIL, a French engineer, has invented a new process of making bread, which has been approved by the Minister of War, and will be adopted in the French army. The main purpose of this method is to retain an increased per cent. of the nutritive properties of the grain, and the general process may be thus described: The unground grain is first steeped in water, after which it is placed in revolving cylinders, by which it is deprived of its outer husk, which contains but four or five per cent. of nutriment. The grains are then softened by forming them into a thin sponge, and keeping them for a space of six to eight hours at a temperature of 77° Fahr. They are then crushed under rollers, and made into dough, with salt and water, as usual. By avoiding the grinding and wetting processes, it is believed that twenty per cent. of nutriment is saved, and thus the grain that would make one hundred and twelve pounds of bread in the ordinary way, will by this new process make what is equivalent to one hundred and forty pounds.

Owing to the misplacement of a decimal point, we were permitted, in our paper on "The Clinical Thermoscope," last week, to state that "mental exertion raises the temperature from 2.5° to 5°." The reader will please make the correction to ".25° to .5°."

Miscellany:

NOTeworthy THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the Carmelites, the most ancient monastic order in Christendom, we copy a description of the habits of the brethren—which is rendered the more interesting from the fact that to this order the distinguished Pere Hyacinthe belonged:

The dress of the Carmelites, though in a certain degree picturesque, is cumbersome in the extreme. It consists of a coarse brown habit reaching to the feet, and fastened by a leather girdle round the waist, from which depends the usual string of beads, called a "rosary;" over this falls the scapular, nearly as long as the habit, before and behind, and above the scapular is worn the circular tipet and cowl, termed the "capuchin." When fully dressed the monk also wears a thick white cloak and hood, in which the brown cowl is inserted as a lining; and when walking beyond the precincts of the convent he wears a huge black sombrero, which gives a grotesque dignity to the whole. It is from the white cloak and hood just described that the Carmelite derives his name of "White-friar."

The rule of life of this ancient order presents to the casual inspection of a worldly eye an aspect of revolting severity; this is, however, more apparent than real. Eight months of the year are devoted to fasting, and on every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year personal discipline (self-inflicted), for the space of one "Miserere," is compulsory upon every member of the community. The instrument of correction—called in monk-

ish parlance a "discipline"—is a terrible weapon when used by a powerful hand upon the bare flesh. It is composed of fine whipcord beautifully twisted into a handle about a foot long, from which depend six or eight tails, finished at the ends in artistically-worked knots. Sometimes wire is interwoven with the cord, and, by special permission of superiors, little steel points are inserted into the ends of the tails. On the evenings appointed for the infliction of the discipline, the brethren assemble in the oratory of the convent, or in some place devoted to the purpose, and the windows and doors having been carefully fastened and covered, so that no vagrant ray of light may enter at an inopportune moment, all range themselves round the chamber, discipline in hand, and the prior, or other superior monk, commences the prefatory prayers. Presently, at a given signal, the lights are extinguished, and each religious prepares to use his whip. For this purpose the skirt of the habit is drawn over the head, and the loose flannel drawers beneath unfastened, and suffered to fall about the hips: all is then ready. Suddenly a whizzing sound disturbs the air of the room; a dull thud upon the naked flesh, followed by the broken voice of the prior commencing the penitential psalm, gives the signal to commence; and immediately there is a sound as of a score of flails thrashing upon a granary-floor, while a chorus of agonized voices roaring out the Miserere attest, by their peculiar emphasis, the vigor with which each monk is scourging his own unfortunate body. As the psalm is hurried over voice and hand fail, and there is a sigh of intense relief throughout the assembly as the prior, by an exhaustive effort, yells out the last words of the psalm. After a sufficient pause, to allow of the dress being adjusted, the light is readmitted, and after a short final prayer each monk departs in silence to his own cell.

In addition to this rough discipline, the Carmelite rule commands the total abstinence from flesh of every animal, and forbids the removal of the habit for any purpose except that of changing the under-clothing; thus, the monk is obliged to sleep in his clothes upon a bare board, with a pillow for his head, and a rug or blanket for his feet.

The daily routine of the Carmelite life is much as follows: The brethren rise at five A. M. all the year round, and immediately assemble in the choir, where they kneel in silence for an hour of mental prayer, at the conclusion of which the lay-brothers leave the choir to proceed to their several employments, while the clerics and choir-brothers commence to chant the first office of the day, which consists of the four canonical hours "Prime," "Tierce," "Sext," and "None." The chant used on such occasions is nothing but a high-pitched monotone, with a long drawl upon the last word of each phrase, without the slightest vestige of a cadence, which, though solemn and effective on being heard for the first time, becomes in a little while insufferably wearisome. At the conclusion of this office, the fathers prepare to celebrate their several masses, at one or other of which the rest of the community assists. Three times a week, or often at the discretion of the superior, the brethren who are not qualified to celebrate mass receive the sacrament either publicly in the church, or in the choir. After the daily masses, the fathers and choir-brethren retire to their studies or other imposed duties until eleven o'clock, when the first meal of the day is taken. Before proceeding to dinner the brethren assemble in the choir, and, after chanting

several prayers and psalms, march in procession, still chanting, to the refectory, where, after much more chanting, and many twistings and turnings, and divers low bows, they file off right and left to their places at the table. During the repast a monk reads aloud either from the Scriptures, or from the "Lives of the Saints."

Many tedious and minute ceremonies have to be observed by the scrupulous Carmelite in the conduct of his meal. He must hold his knife and fork, or spoon, in one particular fashion, his drinking-cup, which has two handles, must be clasped by both hands when it is raised to the mouth, and the napkin which lies by the side of his plate must be disposed about the body in a peculiar fashion, a failure in any of these particulars exposing the delinquent to a reprimand and a public penance.

It is also *de rigueur* that the monk who is the first to finish his meal should leave his seat at the table, and, having thrown himself upon his knees before the prior, solicit a public penance; the reason of which rule is not evident, unless it be designed to enhance the enjoyment of the others who have not been so hasty in their operations.

The penances given on these occasions are sufficiently humiliating and ludicrous. Upon a signal from the prior, the penitent will prostrate himself before each of his brethren in turn, and present his cheek to be soundly boxed; or he will throw himself upon his knees and kiss the feet of the rest of the community, and, as the Carmelite goes with naked feet, and washes them upon occasions of ceremony only, the latter penance is much more severe than the former. Another favorite punishment is to cause the penitent to make a spread-eagle of himself upon the threshold of the door, so that every member of the community may step upon him in coming in or in going out. Should a monk be so unhappy as to break any article of his dinner-service, he is condemned to leave his dinner, and stand in the centre of the refectory bearing the fragments of crockery in a little basket round his neck.

The first meal of the day consists of three dishes: a pottage of beans or lentils, fish, and eggs variously and deliciously cooked, with bread *ad libitum*. For drink, there is strong ale (in England and other beer-drinking countries) and red wine, generous in quality and quantity.

After dinner, as this meal may be called, the brethren retire for an hour's *siesta*, and then resume their several occupations till vespers. Shortly after vespers and compline are sung, the community kneel again for an hour's meditation or mental prayer, and then march in the same order and with the same ceremonies as before supper. This meal is more important than the earlier one, inasmuch as it is now the superior passes his strictures upon the various members of the community who may have been remiss in their duties during the day. It is the duty (and, alas! very often the pleasure) of the superior to humiliate his monks in every possible way (especially the younger brethren and the novices) in order to destroy any notions of spiritual pride or self-esteem that might hinder their progress to perfection; hence he will affect to find fault with great sternness when, perhaps, there may be no room for any thing but approbation.

At this meal, also, the master of the novices makes public complaint of the weaknesses of his pupils, which he does upon his knees before the superior in the centre of the refectory. Immediately on hearing his name mentioned,

the culprit leaves his place at the table and remains kneeling by the side of his accuser until sentence is passed. He must never think of defending himself, for that would argue an amount of self-esteem sufficient to shock the whole community; and, though the charge arise out of mistake on the part of the accuser, and the proof of its falsity be to hand, the victim must not adduce it, but receive cheerfully and silently the punishment awarded him by his superior. It is also competent at this time for any monk to make complaint of the shortcomings of a brother, who likewise is forbidden to defend himself, and thus an opportunity is given to petty spite and malice (which will find a home even in the most sanctified bosoms) to wreak itself upon its enemies.

In a series of papers entitled "Recollections of Writers," Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke gives an interesting description of an interview with Coleridge:

It was in the summer of this last-named (1821) year that I first beheld Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was on the East Cliff at Ramsgate. He was contemplating the sea under its most attractive aspect: in a dazzling sun, with sailing clouds that drew their purple shadows over its bright-green floor, and a merry breeze of sufficient prevalence to emboss each wave with a silvery foam. He might possibly have composed upon the occasion one of the most philosophical, and at the same time most enchanting, of his fugitive reflections, which he has entitled "Youth and Age;" for in it he speaks of "airy cliffs and glittering sands," and—

" Of those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide."

As he had no companion, I desired to pay my respects to one of the most extraordinary—and, indeed, in his department of genius, the most extraordinary man of his age. And, being possessed of a talisman for securing his consideration, I introduced myself as a friend and admirer of Charles Lamb. This password was sufficient, and I found him immediately talking to me in the bland and frank tones of a standing acquaintance. A poor girl had that morning thrown herself from the pier-head in a pang of despair, from having been betrayed by a villain. He alluded to the event, and went on to denounce the morality of the age that will hound from the community the reputed weaker subject, and continue to receive him who has wronged her. He agreed with me that that question never will be adjusted but by the women themselves. Justice will continue in abeyance so long as they visit with severity the errors of their own sex and tolerate those of ours. He then diverged to the great mysteries of life and death, and branched away to the sublimer question—the immortality of the soul. Here he spread the sail-broad vane of his wonderful imagination, and soared away with an eagle flight, and with an eagle eye, too, compassing the effulgence of his great argument, ever and anon stooping within my own sparrow's range, and then glancing away again, and careering through the trackless fields of ethereal metaphysics. And thus he continued for an hour and a half, never pausing for an instant except to catch his breath (which, in the heat of his teeming mind, he did like a school-boy repeating by rote his task), and gave utterance to some of the grandest thoughts I ever heard from the mouth of man. His ideas, em-

bodied in words of purest eloquence, flew about my ears like drifts of snow. He was like a cataract filling and rushing over my pennivial capacity. I could only gasp and bow my head in acknowledgment. He required from me nothing more than the simple recognition of his discourse; and so he went on like a steam-engine—I keeping the machine oiled with my looks of pleasure, while he supplied the fuel: and that, upon the same theme too, would have lasted till now. What would I have given for a short-hand report of that speech! And such was the habit of this wonderful man. Like the old peripatetic philosophers, he walked about, prodigiously scattering wisdom, and leaving it to the winds of chance to waft the seeds into a genial soil.

My first suspicion of his being at Ramsgate had arisen from my mother observing that she had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talking as she never heard man talk. Like his own "Ancient Mariner," when he had once fixed your eye he held you spell-bound, and you were constrained to listen to his tale; you must have been more powerful than he to have broken the charm; and I know no man worthy to do that. He did, indeed, answer to my conception of a man of genius, for his mind flowed on "like to the Pontic Sea," that "ne'er feels retiring ebb." It was always ready for action; like the hare, it slept with its eyes open. He would at any given moment range from the subtlest and most abstruse question in metaphysics to the architectural beauty in contrivance of a flower of the field; and the gorgeousness of his imagery would increase and dilate and flash forth such curiosities of similes and startling theories that one was in a perpetual aurora borealis of fancy. As Hazlitt once said of him: "He would talk on forever, and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts never seemed to come with labor or effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him off his feet." This is as truly as poetically described. He would not only illustrate a theory or an argument with a sustained and superb figure, but in pursuing the current of his thought he would bubble up with a sparkle of fancy so fleet and brilliant that the attention, though startled and arrested, was not broken. He

would throw these into the stream of his arguments, as waifs and strays. Notwithstanding his wealth of language and prodigious power in amplification, no one, I think (unless it were Shakespeare or Bacon), possessed with himself equal power of condensation. He would frequently comprise the elements of a noble theorem in two or three words; and, like the genuine offspring of a poet's brain, it always came forth in a golden halo. I remember once, in discoursing upon the architecture of the middle ages, he reduced the Gothic structure into a magnificent abstraction—and in two words. "A Gothic cathedral," he said, "is like a petrified religion."

In his prose as well as in his poetry, Coleridge's comparisons are almost uniformly brief and unostentatious; and not on that account the less forcible: they are scriptural in character; indeed, it would be difficult to find one more apt to the purpose than that which he has used; and yet it always appears to be unpremeditated. Here is a random example of what I mean: it is an unimportant one, but it serves for a casual illustration of his force in comparison. It is the last line in that strange and impressive fragment in prose, "The Wanderings of Cain"—"And they three passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows." It will be difficult, I think, to find a stronger image than that to convey the idea of the utter negation of sound, with motion.

Like all men of genius, and with the gift of eloquence, Coleridge had a power and subtlety in interpretation that would persuade an ordinary listener against the conviction of his senses. It has been said of him that he could persuade a Christian he was a Platonist, a Deist that he was a Christian, and an atheist that he believed in a God. The preface to his ode of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," wherein he labors to show that Pitt the prime-minister was not the object of his invective at the time of his composing that famous war-eclogue, is at once a triumphant specimen of his talent for special pleading and ingenuity in sophistry.

* Are we to assume this to be the origin of Mrs. Jameson's definition, "petrified music"?—En. JOURNAL.

Notices.

THE PAY-ROLL TO GO TO AMERICAN OPERATIVES.—Of the successful concerns in the State of New Jersey we may mention the pen-factory of R. Esterbrook & Co., with factory at Camden, and warehouse at John Street, New York.

Gillott for years had almost the monopoly of the steel-pen business, but the Esterbrooks have so persistently pushed the business, so successfully have they competed with Birmingham, that within a few months we understand that orders from the leading houses were on the books of the company, taking turn in the product of a factory of 250 hands. The Messrs. Esterbrook have brought a liberal and off-hand policy into their business, and the result is that when their monthly accounts are made out they include the leading stationers and dealers in pens in all the States of the Union, and of the Territories too. The Esterbrooks have as great a variety of pens as there are tints in an autumn foliage.

Thus year by year we become more independent of the foreign labor market. With the deepening of the English coal-beds the cost of coal will increase in England and the natural tariff presented by our vast coal area, and our improved and improving machinery, must develop more and more our ability to make our pencils, our pens, and it is to be hoped our silks and our broadcloth. American money to go into the hands of American operatives is our ambition, and daily we are, in one branch or another of industry, seeing our ambition gratified.—*New Jersey Journal (Elizabeth)*, August 18, 1875.

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